THE

COUNTRY IN DANGER;

OR,

EPISODES OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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BY

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

AUTHORS OF
"MADAME THERESE," "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE BLOCKADE," ETC.



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THE STORY OF A PEASANT.

PART THE SECOND.

THE COUNTRY IN DANGER.

1792.

I HAVE told you already about the distress of the people before 1789; the weight of taxation we had to bear; the compte-rendu of Necker, by which we discovered the existence of a large yearly deficit; about the declaration of the Parliament of Paris, that the States-General alone had the power of voting taxes; the tricks of Calonne and Brienne to raise money; the two meetings of the notables, who refused to tax their own landed estates, and at last, when they had the choice of paying or of being bankrupt, the convocation of the States-General at Versailles after an interval of one hundred and seventy-five years.

I have told you our deputies had written orders to do away with custom-houses in the interior, which hampered trade so much; the freedoms of companies and the wardenships, which were impediments to industry; tithes and feudal rights, which interfered with agriculture; venality in public offices and employments which were contrary to justice; torture and other bar-

larities, which were contrary to humanity; and monkish vows, which were contrary to the peace of families, good morals, and good sense.

This is what all the memorials of the Third Estate required.

But the object of the king in summoning the States-General was only to induce them to sanction the expenditure of the court, the seigneurs, and the bishops, to make arrangements for the payment of the deficit, and to saddle the citizens, workpeople, and peasants with everything. That is why the nobles and the clergy —seeing that their aim was the abolition of all privileges—refused to join them, and heaped such insults upon them that they at last resented it, swore never to separate until they had obtained a constitution, and proclaimed themselves a National Assembly.

This was the tenor of Chauvel's letter to us, which you have seen.

When this news reached us, the famine was still so great that the poor lived on herbs which they found in the fields, boiled with a little salt; fortunately there was no want of wood; the storm was still increasing, and the foresters of the cardinal-bishop remained quietly at home, that they might not fall in with delinquents. Yes! it was dreadful—dreadful for every one, but the more so for the revenue-officers, officers of justice, and all who took the king's pay; people of consequence, prevôts, counsellors, syndics, notaries, from father to son, found themselves as it were lodged in one of those old houses at Saverne, all rotten and out of repair, very little better than nests for rats, which have lasted for ages, and would fall to pieces at the first blows of the pickaxe; they knew, they felt, that ruin was impending;

they looked at you stealthily, with restless eyes; they forgot to powder their wigs, and came no more to dance their minuets at Tivoli.

The news from Versailles had spread to the remotest villages. We still expected something, but no one could say what; there was a report that our deputies were surrounded by soldiers; that the authorities wished to terrify or perhaps to slaughter them. Those who passed the Three Pigeons talked of nothing else.

Maître Jean cried out—

"What can you be thinking of? Is it possible our good king could do such a thing? did he not himself convoke his people's deputies that he might become acquainted with our necessities, and make us all happy? Get such ideas out of your head at once!"

The others who came from Harberg or Dagsberg struck their fists on the table and made no answer, but walked off, thinking, and Maître Jean would say—

"God grant the queen and the Count d'Artois may not strike some violent blow against those who have nothing to lose and everything to win; if fighting once begins we shall none of us see the end of it."

He was indeed right—not one of those then living, nobles, citizens, or peasants, ever saw the end of the revolution; it is still in progress, and will only come to an end when the spirit of gentleness, justice, and good sense possesses us.

Affairs dragged on thus for several weeks; the season for the small crops was come, famine was diminishing in our villages, and we began to grow calm, when on the 29th of July we learned the news that Paris was in rebellion; that they had tried to surround the National Assembly, and dissolve it; that the municipality had

risen against the king, and that it had put arms in the hands of the citizens; that the people were fighting in the streets against the foreign regiments, and that the Gardes Françaises sided with the city.

We recollected the letter we had from Nicolas, and things explained themselves.

Every one who came from L...bourg repeated the same thing; the La Fère regiment was confined to barracks, and every hour couriers stopped at the governor's house, and then hurried off into Alsace.

Fancy people's astonishment! they were not accustomed to revolutions as we are now. The idea of bringing one about never occurred to us. It created a panic.

That day nothing stirred; news was stopped; but the next day we learned the taking of the Bastille, we knew that the Parisians were everywhere masters, that they had muskets, powder, cannon—and it created such an effect that the mountaineers came down into Alsace and Lorraine with their axes, pitchforks, and scythes; they passed by in troops, crying out—

"To Marmontier!"

"To Saverne!"

"To Neuviller!"

"To Lixheim!"

They spread over the country like ants, pulled down the herdsmen's huts, and the houses of the foresters in the service of the prince-bishop, without mentioning octroi offices, and the toll-gates on the high roads.

Letumier, Huré, Cochart, and several others came to induce Maître Jean to join them, that we might not be behind Mittelbronn, Quatre-Vents, and Lutzelbourg. He cried —

"Let me alone! Do what you like, I won't have anything to do with it."

But as nearly all the villages in Alsace had already burned the title-deeds belonging to the convents and seigneurs, and as the Baraquins wanted to do the same with the papers of the commune, at the Tiercelin convent at Lixheim, he put on his coat to try and save ours. We set out together, Cochart, Letumier, Huré, Maître Jean, I, and the whole village.

You should have heard the cries of the mountain people down in the plain. You should have seen the wood-cutters, lumberers, and others, all in rags, brandishing their axes, forks, scythes, and pickaxes in the air. The noise rose and fell like the water rolling over the dam at Trois-Etangs; women were mixed up with them, their hair dishevelled and hatchets in their hands.

Of Forbin's house at Mittelbronn there was not one stone left on another. All the papers were burned. The roof had fallen in on the cellar. At Lixheim you were up to your middle in the feathers and straw of the bedding; everything in the unlucky Jews' houses was thrown out of window, and their furniture was chopped to pieces. When people are cowards they lose their heads; they confound religion, love of money, and vengeance all together.

I saw the poor Jews escaping towards the town: their wives and daughters, with little children in their arms, crying like mad people, the old people tottering and sobbing behind; and yet who had suffered worse than these poor people at the hands of our kings? Who had the greatest right to complain? No one thought of such things now.

The Tiercelin convent was at Old Lixheim; the five

priests who lived there had charge of the papers belonging to Brouviller, Hérange, Fleisheim, Pickeholtz, Baraques, and even to Phalsbourg.

All the communes joining the crowd of mountain people filled the old streets round the mayor's residence; they demanded their papers, but the Tiercelins thought—

"If we give up the title-deeds these people will massacre us afterwards."

They did not know what to do, for the crowd had spread round the convent, and all the passages were guarded.

When Maître Jean arrived, the village mayors in their cocked hats and red waistcoats were deliberating near the fountain. Some wanted to set fire to everything, others to break the doors down; some, more reasonable, proposed first demanding the title-deeds, and seeing what they would do afterwards, they finished by having the upper hand. As Jean Leroux had been deputy to the bailiwick, he was chosen with two of the mayors to go and ask for the papers. When the Tiercelins saw there were only three of them they admitted them, and then closed their gates again.

Maître Jean has since told us what happened inside the convent. The poor old men trembled like hares; the superior, who was called Father Marcel, exclaimed that the title-deeds were his charge, and that he dared not part with them—they must kill him first!

But Maître Jean having taken him to the window and shown him the scythes and forks as far as he could see, he said nothing, but pointed out a large wardrobe with an iron-wire lattice front, in which the registers were piled up to the ceiling.

They had to be sorted first, and as that had already lasted more than an hour, the communes, imagining that their mayors were kept prisoners, wanted to break in the doors; but when Maître Jean showed himself on the balcony with a handful of papers, which he displayed to those below, cries of satisfaction and delight might be heard from one end of Lixheim to the other They laughed and cried to one another—

"We've got them—we've got our papers!"

Maître Jean and the others soon came out with a truck full of registers. They penetrated the crowd, calling out that the reverend Tiercelin fathers were not to be maltreated, as they had restored every man his own, which was all they wanted.

Every village received its title-deeds at the communal house, many burned theirs on the place, and thus destroyed their own titles when they burned the convents! But Jean Leroux put ours in his pocket, and therefore did the Baraquins retain their right to pasture and to gather acorns in the oak woods, while many others have none whatever, having, so to say, burned their own forests and pasturage for ever.

I could tell you much more about these things, for many, instead of giving up the deeds they had preserved, took care of them, and sold them afterwards to the seigneurs, and some to the state. These men became rich at the expense of their communes. But it is of no use to talk of them now. The rascals are dead; they have settled their accounts long ago.

It might be said that in fifteen days France had been entirely changed. All the rights of convents and châteaux disappeared in smoke. The tocsin used to ring day and night; the sky was red the whole line of the Vosges;

the abbeys, the old kites' nests were burning like candles among the stars, and that lasted till the 4th of the following August, the day on which the bishops and seigneurs of the National Assembly surrendered their privileges and feudal rights. It was suggested there was nothing to surrender, everything having been previously destroyed; but still it was better so, and their descendants had no claims to raise afterwards.

This was how the people got rid of the ancient rights of the "noble race of conquerors." The yoke had been laid on them by force, and by force had they freed themselves from it.

From that day the National Assembly was able to begin our constitution. The king himself complimented it, and said—

"You are wrong to distrust me! All the regiments which I have brought here, the ten thousand men assembled on the Champ de Mars, and the cannon which surround you, are for your protection; but since you will not have them, I will send them back."

Our representatives affected to believe what he told them; but if the Bastille had not been taken, if the nation had not risen, if the foreign regiments had had the best of it, if the Gardes Françaises had taken part against the city, what would have happened? One need not be very clever to guess. Our good king Louis XVI. would have spoken quite differently, and the representatives of the Third Estate would have had a hard time of it. Happily events turned out well for us. The commune of Paris had just embodied its National Guard, and all the communes in France followed the example; they were arming themselves against those who wished to place us again under the

yoke. Every time the Assembly passed a decree, the peasants took their muskets or their forks, and cried—

"Let us put that in force at once. It will be done all the sooner, and save our seigneurs the trouble."

So the law was put in force.

I always feel pleasure in recollecting the way our citizen militia, as the National Guard was first called, was embodied in August, 1789. The enthusiasm was nearly as great as when the deputies to the Third Estate were elected. Maître Jean Leroux was named lieutenant of the Baraque company, Letumier sous-lieutenant, Gauthier Courtois sergeant-major, and others sergeants and corporals. We had no captain, for the Baraques did not muster a whole company. There were plenty of cries of "Vive la nation!" the day they wetted their epaulettes, and you should have seen Maître Jean's face, who at last was entitled to wear his moustache and his whiskers in earnest. That affair cost him a couple of barrels of his best Lorraine wine. Letumier, too, let his moustache grow, long and red, which made him look like an old fox. Jean Kat was our drummer; he could beat all the rigadoons and marches like an old drum-major. I don't know how Jean Kat learned all these accomplishments—perhaps when he played the clarionette. We had also received some muskets from the arsenal, old rattle-traps mounted with bayonets a yard long. We handled these very well all the same. At first we had some drill-sergeants from the La Fère regiment, who taught us the exercise on the Champ de Mars after twelve on Sundays. Before the week was over Maître Jean had ordered his uniform of Kountz, the regimental tailor, and the second Sunday he came to drill in full uniform,

in his blue coat with red facings, eyes bright, epaulettes hanging down, his cocked hat on the back of his head, and his basket-hilted sword dangling at his heels. He strode up and down the ranks, and cried to Valentine—

"Citizen Valentine, shoulders back! mille tonnerres!"

A finer man was never seen. When Dame Catherine saw him she could hardly believe it was her husband. Valentine was all in confusion when he looked at him; he took him for a noble, and his long face became still longer with admiration. But Maître Jean was not so well up to his drill as many others. There Letumier gave him a clincher. We used to laugh and amuse ourselves then. All the neighbouring villages, Vilschberg, Mittelbronn, Quatre-Vents, Dann, Lutzelbourg, Saint-Jean-des-Choux, marched and countermarched like old soldiers, the town children bawling, "Vive la nation!" after them. Annette Minot, a fruitwoman in the market, was our cantinière; she had a little deal table, a chair, and a stone bottle of brandy in the middle of the Champ de Mars, with goblets and a large tricolour umbrella to protect her from the sun, which did not save her from being nearly roasted about 3 p.m.; nor were we much better off; we suffered so much from the dust. Good heavens! how I remember all these things! And our sergeant, Quéru, a short fat man, with grey moustaches, his ears buried in his wig, his black eyes full of mischief, and his great cocked hat on the top of all! He used to march backwards before us, his musket held across his thighs, crying—

"One, two! One, two! Halt! In line to the right! Steady! Stand at ease!"

And seeing us sweat from exhaustion, he would laugh heartily, and say—

"Dismiss!"

Then we ran to Annette Minot's table; every one wanted to offer a glass of brandy to the sergeant, who never said "No!" and used to say in his southern accent—

"You will get on, citizens, all right."

He was very fond of a glass of brandy, but what was that to us? He was an able instructor, a good fellow, and a patriot. He, little Trinquet, of the third company; Bariaux, the finest voice in the regiment; Duchêne, a tall Lorrainer, six feet high; in fact, all these old sergeants fraternised with the citizens; and often in the evening, before the retreat was beaten, we used to see them slip into the club, keep in the shadow of the columns in the hall, and listen to the subject under discussion, before answering to their names at the rappel. These men had passed fifteen or twenty years growing mouldy in the inferior ranks, doing the duty of noble officers; later we saw them captains, colonels, and generals. They felt it was coming, and sided with the revolution.

In the evening, Maître Jean, having hung up his uniform, and put away his epaulettes and his hat, and put on his woollen jacket, used to study the theory of drill; sometimes, when at work in the forge, he would begin to call out the words of command when we least expected it, just to exercise his voice and see if he had a good bass tone. Almost always after supper Letumier would come in and sit down, with his pointed knee between his hands, and ask him questions, while he balanced himself on his chair with a waggish air. Maître Jean could only understand in theory squares and attacking in column, because Sergeant Quéru had

told us that was the chief thing in war; he used to get very red, and call out—

"Michel, the slate!"

And then we all looked at the slate and saw squares three and four deep, and the attacking columns with their guns, which he would explain in detail. But Letumier would wink his eyes and shake his head, and say—

"You are wrong, you are wrong, Maître Jean!"

Then my godfather would get angry and rap the pencil on the slate, and say—

"That is right—I tell you it is."

Every one took an interest in it, down to Dame Catherine. We used to talk so loud that Letumier should not be able to answer; at last nothing was intelligible, and ten came before it was cleared up. Letumier went away repeating as he went into the passage—

"You are wrong, you are wrong!"

And we used to run after him and say—

"It is you who are wrong, it is you!"

And if we had dared we should have given him a good shaking.

Maître Jean said—

"Oh, the fool, can any one be so stupid? He cannot understand anything."

But at drill Letumier had his revenge: he gave the word of command well, and made his men march, directing them with his sword, now in this direction, now in that, without blundering. I must do him that justice. He deserved to be lieutenant quite as well as Maître Jean, all the Baraquins thought so; but Maître Jean's position as landlord and smith gave him the better position, and besides, he was the finest man in the village.

What shows the folly of the nobles and bishops at that time was the fact, immediately after the taking of the Bastille, instead of remaining in the Assembly to advocate their rights, if they had any, that they should pack up everything, and go and beg the help of our enemies against us; they filed off, seigneurs and bishops, servants and abbés, capucins and great ladies, by every road—those from Lorraine by Treves, from Alsace by Coblentz or by Basle, and threatening us with, "Wait, wait, we shall be back again; we shall be back."

They were like lunatics; we laughed at them. It was what was called the emigration. It began by the Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, the Prince de Bourbon, Polignac, and Marshal de Broglie, the man who commanded the army round Paris, and was to have carried off the National Assembly. They had driven the king to folly, and now, when they saw danger, these good royalists left him alone in trouble.

When Maître Jean saw this downfall, he cried—

"Let them go! let them go! What a riddance for us and our good king! Now he is alone, and there will be no Count d'Artois to put his own ideas into his head."

Every one was delighted. If they had only all gone, there would have been no further mention of them; we could have made a present of them to the English, Germans, and Russians; but many remained behind in command of our regiments, who only tried to rouse the soldiers against the nation. You will see later what these people attempted against their own country; all that will have its turn by-and-by; we need not hurry ourselves.

The Parisians at that time still were so attached to

their king, that they wanted to have him among them, and they sent their wives to Versailles to beg him to come with the Queen Marie-Antoinette, the young dauphin, and all the royal family. Louis XVI. could but accept their invitation, and these poor people in the midst of famine cried—

"We cannot die of hunger now; here is the baker and his wife and the little journeyman."

Lafayette, who rode at their head on his white horse, was named commandant of the National Guard, and Bailly mayor of Paris; so you see how good-hearted these poor creatures were, who never try to avenge the ill others have done them. Chauvel kept us informed of all these events. He also told us how the National Assembly had followed the king, and held its sittings in a large riding-school behind the Tuileries. Every five or six weeks we had a letter from him, with a bundle of gazettes, the *Journal des Révolutions de Paris*, the *Révolutions de France et du Brabant*, the *Annales Patriotiques*, and many others whose names have escaped me.

They were full of fire and spirit, especially the articles of Loustalot and Camille Desmoulins; all that was said and done in France was reported in these journals, and so fully that every peasant could form an idea of our situation; we read them in the market at Phalsbourg, where Elof Collin had formed our first club on the model of the Jacobins and Cordeliers of Paris; they met there in the evening, between the fire-engine magazine and the old meat-market, and Letumier used to read the news in such a loud and distinct voice, that they could understand what he said on the Place d'Armes; people came from all round to hear him, and

the apothecary Tribolin and the commissariat officer Raphael Mang, Didier Hortzou, the hatter, a very sensible man, Henri Dominique, the innkeeper, Fixari, Baruch Aron, Pernett, in fact all the town notables used to address us on the rights of man, the veto, the division of France in departments, the law on citizenship, the admission of Protestants and Jews to public employments, the institution of juries, abolition of convents and religious orders, the resumption of the Church lands by the nation, the issue of assignats—in fact, on everything that offered, as these questions came to be debated in the Constituent Assembly. What a life and what a change!

Formerly the seigneurs and bishops would have said and done everything in their own interest, at Versailles, without troubling themselves about us; they would have shorn us regularly; their collectors, stewards, and lieutenants of police would come and quietly enforce their will, which was law, on us; our good king, the best of men, would have had his mouth full of love for the poor, and balls, fêtes, and hunting parties, bows and obeisances, would have filled the court journals; while cold, hunger, and all sorts of distress would have continued their rounds among the poor. Yes, it is a happiness to hear one's own affairs discussed, and to have a voice in them—how we support those who are in our interest, and how we rave against those who displease us! This may be called living. Even now the old market, with its lantern hanging from the principal beam, the market benches filled with people, children sitting in the hut of the old shoemaker Damien, Collin standing on a table with the newspaper, the wind whistling under the roof, the light on this mass of

people, and in the distance the sentry on duty, with his old hat and patched white coat, stopping to listen—all this is still before my eyes.

And the elders, fast asleep behind the swing-gate, I see them too; our fat mayor Boileau, with his tri-coloured scarf; the échevins; Jean Beaucaire, usher, royal sergeant at the prévôtal sittings, since replaced by Joseph Basaille, sergeant in the national gendarmery; and the prévôt himself, in his long wig, yellow face, and pinched-up nose; all these people walking about under the columns and saying nothing, instead of having us surrounded and kicked out, or even hanged, as they could have done two or three years ago—I recollect it well.

Those who have never seen similar changes do not know their own good fortune; all I have to tell them is to use their courage and good sense to save them from being plunged again into the state in which they were before '89. Let them reflect—there is no want of rascals whose object it is to live in pride, idleness, and all life's enjoyments at the expense of the people. But amidst this general overturning of the country, these descents of the mountain people into the flat country, these burnings of châteaus, convents, and barriers of all sorts; when seigneurs, monks, and bishops hurried away on foot, on horseback, or in carriages; and former excisemen tried to get appointed officers in the citizen guard; and revenue attorneys presidents of their districts in the middle of this downfall—what I recollect best of all is my poor father, who dreaded losing the sale of his brooms, and my mother, who said, "The end of the world is coming, we are all lost, let us save our souls!" and my brother Claude, who came home one evening

and cried out in a tone of distress, "The reverend Tiercelin fathers are gone; they have paid me off; what am I to do now there are no more cows to keep?"

I was just twenty then; I was strong and vigorous, and I was disgusted to hear my parents complain; I said to them, "What are you so afraid of? we have suffered much greater distress than this; we managed to live when we had tithes, corvées, the gabelle and other taxes to bear, when we fed monks and seigneurs by our labour; and now we are freed from them, now we can keep to ourselves the money they cost us, what have we to groan about? The cattle and sheep are not all dead, and if Claude wants a herd of cows to look after, let him wait a bit—perhaps some day I may employ him as my herdsman."

It was rather boastful on my part, but my ideas about obedience were changing every day; I thought already that one man was as good as another, and that some are only so great because others are so little, and that the time for respecting privileges was gone.

Then my mother, with her elbows on the table and her hands behind her ears, would look hard at me with her grey eyes and pinched-up lips, and begin—

"Michel, pride will be your ruin! You think already, like Joseph, that your brothers' sheaves bow to yours, and their stars dance for your greater glory; but I warn you, you will be minister to no Egyptian king; you will be hanged, and the ravens of the heavens will come and eat out of your basket."

When I left our hut after eight, I used to run to the club in town, and wrangle with our old échevins and syndics, whom we called aristocrats; my voice was heard above all the rest; my eyes flashed with

anger if any one contradicted me; and by the end of winter I had already ventured to propose such resolutions as "Long live the friends of the constitution!" or, "Down with sham patriots!" That gave me weight at the Baraques. When we went home by moonlight, we used to sing "Ca Ira." I sang like a blackbird, and Maître Jean would lay his hand on my shoulder, and laugh and say—

"Michel is one of the right sort; we must always pull together."

See what youthful exaltation is! The thought of Chauvel and Margaret redoubled my patriotic sentiments, and love filled my heart to overflowing.

This year passed quickly; the winter was mild, the snow melted as it fell; by the end of February there was none to be seen in the lowlands.

During the months of March, April, and May, 1790, the citizen guards began to act in concert; villages would unite together and fraternise, instead of fighting with sticks and stones as hitherto; the elders made speeches, and they all embraced one another, crying—

"Freedom or death!"

Women and children came to these fêtes, but took no part in them; the fashion of graces and goddesses had not yet come.

What pleased the peasants more than anything else was the sale of Church property. You may believe in such a revolution as this, when all old taxes were swept away, how the deficit must have increased. The National Assembly, representing such a nation as the French, could not follow the example of our former kings and declare itself bankrupt; it could not so dishonour us. But where was the money to be found to pay the debts

of the monarchy? Fortunately, the Bishop of Autun, Mgr. Talleyrand de Perigord, said the Church possessed four milliards in estates, divided among two hundred thousand religious persons of all descriptions; the lands they had entrusted to them might be sold, and as they were in a very high state of cultivation, they would produce sufficient to pay these persons a very good income and leave a large surplus. It was a brilliant idea; consequently, notwithstanding all the other bishops could urge against it, the Assembly decreed that the property of the Church should be sold and the priests pensioned.

This step saved the country from bankruptcy, and they began by selling these estates to the value of four hundred millions in the course of this year, 1790.

Then many of the older people, who had as yet kept aloof from the revolution, became its warmest partisans; they seized their old bags, where their savings had accumulated sou by sou, liard by liard, and hurried off to the municipality. The property was sold at the municipality to the highest bidder; land was sold to be paid for by instalments in lots of five, ten, twenty hectares or more; every municipality was accountable for its sales; it forwarded bonds to the State, and these bonds paid the deficit caused by the seigneurs and bishops, who alone were responsible for the debt, as we had never had a voice in the matter. These securities were afterwards called assignats, and no one could refuse them, since land is money.

What excellent bargains I might have had then if I had possessed the means of paying for them! I had a fancy for the great pond at Lixheim, and for the meadow round the Tiercelin convent also; but it is difficult to

gratify one's fancies when one is without means; how often have I heard these beautiful fields, the underwood and timber, and fertile pastures, put up for sale! It broke my heart not to be able to make a bid for them, for want of security, when some drunken old peasant in a blouse walked off in possession of some good lot. I looked at him with envy, and said to myself—

"Try and work to economise, Michel, and you, too, shall have something to delight your old age."

I have never forgotten it; unfortunately, the finest chances are gone for good: there is nothing left for sale now but the State forests, and we are always in expectation of a fresh deficit. But with the order and economy which now prevails it will be a long while coming, and now everything is done by loans; our children and grandchildren will have to pay them off. We must be satisfied with what we have; it goes on very well for the present.

You cannot imagine the faces of the monks and other irregular priests at the sale of their lands; they cried out, were indignant, and anathematised all buyers of national property; but for such fine estates people did not mind risking purgatory, and even Maître Jean was not afraid of a little singeing: as smith he was used to it. He bought several good lots—the inclosed land of the reverend fathers, and one hundred and fifty arpents at Pickeholtz—good, strong land, with a fine aspect; he had it all for twelve thousand livres, and, I believe you, he winked his eyes and puffed out his cheeks with satisfaction on his return from the sale. Dame Catherine scolded him a little, and talked about his soul's repose; but that day, as he walked up and down the large room with his hands behind his back, he cried out—

"Nonsense, we will burn a couple of pounds of wax candles before the Holy Virgin; don't be uneasy, Catherine, I take it all on myself."

I should have liked to have had his bargain, in spite of the cries of the bigoted old women in the village, who cursed him. My mother, especially, never forgave him. But my godfather was none the worse for it; on the contrary, I have no doubt he said to himself—

"Now I am rich I need not work at the forge unless I like it. I am quite of the same opinion as Mgr. Talleyrand-Perigord, and I can fold my arms and despise the envious who wish they were in my place."

Reflections like these contributed to make his health more robust than ever, so much so that at the age of seventy-six he was fat and good-humoured still.

Father Benedict was most virulent against Maître Jean; he went all over the country preaching damnation to the buyers of Church lands. This impudent vagabond dared to curse the revolution, and would never accept anything from Dame Catherine; he would say—"Stolen goods!" and pass the inn crossing himself.

Maître Jean laughed.

I must now say Valentine had become very bitter against his master in his conversation; in fact, he intended to leave the forge; but I kept him there, listening for hours without interruption to his complaints.

In this manner all the property of the clergy was sold, and by this sale the peasants were suddenly raised to a better position than the workmen in the towns, as their lands were also discharged from all feudal liabilities, consequently cultivation began to improve. In the hands of the monks, it was either wood, water,

or pasture, and half the fields lay fallow. Why work unnecessarily? The convents had always plenty. While poor country curés could hardly live on their small tithes, monks and capucins revelled in plenty. Legacies, gifts, pious foundations—for fear of hell—rents of all sorts unceasingly kept up the convents' income, and as there was no division at the death of a monk, everything remained in common. These people had only to live and cultivate souls, which brought them in more than cultivating the soil.

For us it was quite another thing. When one has a wife and children one must be stirring. The land was grubbed, dug up, and planted; ponds were drained, fallows were abandoned for rotation crops, manure collected, and ancient routine replaced by a better method. It is not over now; everything is still in progress; draining, sulphuring the vines, insurance against hail, attempts at acclimatation, new agricultural machines, all show that the revolution is still extending its blessing in the world by work and good conduct.

But it is painful to confess that no good is done without opposition. Fools are always to be found setting themselves against improvement. In the year 1790 the monks rose against the new law. These monks were considered as saints, and the poor ignorant population wished to remain in grossness, ignorance, and misery. At Montauban, Nimes, Montpellier, Toulouse, the bishops said in their circulars "that priests could not receive pay from robbers." Protestants were murdered—what a misfortune!—while the émigrés were raising Europe against us, instead of remaining like brothers in harmony; dissension had already begun. Every one saw the danger of it, and under-

stood that the clergy in raising the people in the name of religion would give the aristocrats the force which they needed to begin a civil war, the more so as many nobles still commanded our regiments. While reading the gazettes which Chauvel sent us, Maître Jean often said—

"What is the object of all these good laws? What was the use of sending the troops away from Paris if we see them twenty, thirty, or forty leagues round in good order, and commanded by marquises, counts, dukes, and all those who hate us? Could they not arrange to march from one day to another, surround the National Assembly, dissolve it, recall the émigrés, deprive us of the land we have bought, and put the rope once more round our necks? It is contrary to common sense to leave these men where they are; the nobles are our greatest enemies. I would as soon see our armies commanded by Austrians."

There were quantities of publications against the Third Estate, written by the bishops and nobles, in their *Salvum Fac*, their *Passion de Louis XVI.*, *Roi des Juifs et des Français;* in their *Apocalypse*, where holy things and verses from the Gospel were mixed up with abuse worthy of poissardes. They also published the *Gazette de Blondinet, Lafayette, Général des Bluets, Duchêne, le Véritable Père*, the *Prise des Annonciades*, and a number of others equally bad, which made honest people shrug their shoulders.

Complaints of the insubordination of the troops, and the relaxation in discipline, reached the National Assembly through these wretched journals in all directions. To please the noble officers the Assembly was expected to shoot the soldiers because the soldiers refused to over-

turn the Assembly. Nothing was ever seen like it; it was like flies in autumn, which become more unbearable when they are nearly at an end.

Yet the revolution progressed notwithstanding. The people still had faith in it. The abolition of royal rights, and of those of the seigneurs and bishops, gave pleasure to every one. On Sundays the peasants went out shooting in the fields and the heather; it was a pleasure to hear the shots, and to see a hare roasting in the hut of some poor creature who laughed at the keepers, and said to his children—

"We eat the beggars which lived upon us now we are our own masters."

You may believe no officers of the garrison came to Tivoli now; the time for minuets and entrechats was gone. Now we only saw sergeants under the great oak, with their old white coats and their large worn-out hats, drinking drams and talking to themselves about settling accounts. We did not know what they meant by accounts, but looking at their faces while they disputed in whispers, leaning across the tables to hear one another better, made us think it was something serious.

The Count Boyer, colonel of the La Fère regiment, the Chevalier Boiran, of the Chef-du-Bos, the Count de Divonne, and the gentlemen cadets of the Clairambault, Lagarde, Danglemont, Kménenau, and Anzers regiments, which we often heard mentioned, used to meet at the Café de la Régence on the Place d'Armes. No doubt they had accounts to settle also! The formation of the citizen militia, by bringing us in contact with the troops, did not seem to give them any great satisfaction. They passed by the elm-trees often, and

watched from a distance what soldiers stopped to hold any conversation with the citizens.

Thus the time passed till the month of August. I wrote down daily the course of events with us, and at the end of every month I had a letter of six pages ready, which I sent to Paris, Rue du Bouloi, No. 11, where Chauvel lived. He replied to us regularly, and sent us the papers; and Margaret sometimes added a word or two. In the evening I passed hours among their books, reading the four lines she had written, and I found something new in them every time.

It was my delight to send her news of her little garden, where there were quantities of flowers, and the cherry-trees were bent with their innumerable blossoms. I wished I could take her a basket of cherries or a bouquet of roses, fresh in the morning dew. She would have enjoyed seeing and smelling them. I was quite melancholy at being all alone in this fragrant little spot, shaded by the old cottage and the trees.

So I passed my life, in the midst of this great external agitation, and of these discussions and dangers which were perceptibly on the increase.

There was a report that the Austrians were entering France by Stenay, and that General Bouillé, who was in command in the Ardennes, had withdrawn his troops from Charleville to give them a free passage.

It was a terrible business. More than thirty thousand National Guards took up arms; the mountain population, who had no muskets yet, came down to have their scythes set straight, to serve as lances, at our forge. Drums were beating, a cry "To arms" was raised, and we were on the point of setting out with the Phalsbourg detachment when couriers brought us the

news that the king had allowed the Austrians to cross the Ardennes to stifle the Belgian revolution.

A decree of the National Assembly was requisite to allow these foreigners a passage. We then saw what would have occurred if the citizens had not risen *en masse*, and Maître Jean himself was not so fond of his good king as he had been. This permission to the Austrians to go and destroy a revolution, the offspring of our own, seemed to him and to every one very suspicious. Ministers declared it was in accordance with a secret treaty, and the National Assembly forbore to inquire further into it, lest they might discover too much.

We were then at the beginning of the month of August, 1790, and things were going from bad to worse for the nobles, for the greatest disgrace which ever happened in France was that the soldiers arrested their own officers as robbers. The regiments of Poitou, Forez, Beauce, Normandie, and many others put sentries at their officers' doors and insisted on accounts.

What an abomination! These poor wretches, plundered by this rich and proud set of nobles, who already exclusively enjoyed rank, honours, pensions, and privileges; who could credit anything so shameful? It was, however, a sad truth; restitution had begun. Beauce claimed 240,727 livres, Normandy and the sailors at Brest two millions, and the chiefs capitulated and came to terms! At Strasburg seven regiments broke out in mutiny; at Bitche the soldiers turned their officers out of doors. The National Assembly entreated the king "to appoint special inspectors from among the generals to inspect the accounts of every regiment for the last six years in the presence of the

officers commanding each corps, of the second captain, senior lieutenant, senior sous-lieutenant, and senior and junior sergeants-major, or cavalry sergeants, senior and junior corporals or brigadier (cavalry corporal), and of four privates." And thus, in consequence of this inquiry, the different regimental staffs were compelled to disgorge two or three hundred thousand livres which had been embezzled out of the soup and vegetables supplied to the soldiers. This affair was so disgusting that people said—

"It was indeed time the revolution took place."

The rage of the officers against the poor devils who claimed their own is not to be described. Just then the emigration of many regimental staffs occurred: they went over to the Austrians with arms and baggage. All did not go; there were still some honest men among the nobles who were indignant; but I could name several others, for I still have the gazettes full of those desertions by me; all Alsace and Lorraine spoke of them with horror. And we shall soon see the cruelty of these men taken with their hands in their men's pockets, who, instead of confessing their fault and asking pardon on their knees, only thought of revenging themselves.

Towards the 15th of August a hawker from near Lunéville who exchanged earthenware goods for old linen, cinders, and broken glass, Father Sondeur, passed by the Baraques with his old horse and cart; he stopped at Maître Jean's to see if Dame Catherine had anything to dispose of, and to have a pint of wine as usual. He was an old man, grey, and marked with the small-pox, and a great man for news, like all travelling dealers. In the neighbourhood he was called the "frog-beater," because the people of his village had formerly been

compelled to beat the water in the pond at Lindre during the night to prevent the frogs from keeping the seigneurs awake.

Maître Jean asked if he had any news, and he told us that there was a great disturbance in the environs of Nancy, that the three regiments in garrison there, Mestre-de-Camp cavalry, the King's Regiment, and Château-Vieux, a Swiss regiment, had risen on their officers; but that the great quarrel was between the officers and men of one of the Château-Vieux corps.

Father Sondeur winked his eye while he related these things. Soon after, Nicole, who was spinning by the stove, having gone out, he told us that the anger of the officers was caused by the soldiers insisting on having accounts; that they had already been compelled to restore the King's Regiment 150,000 livres in silver crowns, to the Mestre-de Camp 47,962 livres, and that Château-Vieux claimed 229,208; that the soldiers who had been deputed to the officers had been flogged, as it was much easier to beat them than to account to them; but that this had caused troubles in the town; that the National Guard sided with the troops, that the fencing-masters of the regiments, at the instigation of the officers, picked quarrels with the citizens in order to despatch them in a duel, and that things were looking very black indeed.

He laughed, but we thought it no laughing matter; at ten leagues from the frontier, with the number of furloughs and discharges which were given to patriot soldiers to get rid of them, we risked invasion from one day to another; especially as Frederick William, King of Prussia, and Leopold, Emperor of Austria, had just made peace, declaring that the friends of the French

revolution were their true enemies. After talking some time, exchanging his pottery wares, and paying his reckoning, Father Sondeur went his way, and continued his road up the village, crying, "Pottery and old linen to change."

But now something very serious happened which surprised us all, showing that not only was the king in accord with the émigrés, nobles, bishops, officers, and monks, but that a great number of our deputies had an understanding with them, like thieves at a fair, to arrest the progress of the revolution, and reduce us once more to slavery.

We learned these things from a letter of Chauvel's, which I regret not to have, for it threw a light on all these events; but Maître Jean, as usual, having lent it, it was passed all over the province, and no one knew what became of it. I recollect in this letter Chauvel told us that Mirabeau and several deputies of the Third Estate had sold themselves to the court party; that they had found the revolution too formidable; they were frightened at its extending everywhere; that one wanted to become minister, that others preferred property, carriages, and servants; that Lafayette and Bailly began to turn their backs on them; that they found the king too unfortunate at being compelled to surrender his rights to the people, and to be obliged to be satisfied with about forty millions a year, instead of being able to say—

"All is mine, the land, the inhabitants, and the beasts thereof."

I recollect Chauvel mentioned some new men who were rising in the clubs, and became daily more prominent: Danton, Robespierre, Legendre, Petion, Brissot,

Loustalot, Desmoulins. All these people either died in poverty or brought one another to the guillotine, after having served the people who forsook them all; while those who served the nobility and clergy lived in great style, filled high offices, and died in their beds, surrounded by their servants, with absolution for what they had done.

If the Supreme Being did not exist, such examples would be discouraging, and those who sacrifice themselves for the people, which allows them to be dragged through the dirt, even after death, and be treated as brigands by their enemies, must be considered but brutes.

Chauvel's letter surprised us much; Maître Jean was not pleased with it; he said we must not expect too much at once; I thought otherwise—I did not see that Chauvel wanted too much. I understood how Maître Jean and the rest, having got their share, wanted to breathe a little; but we men of the people had nothing as yet, and we wanted our share in the good things of the revolution.

We were still discussing this letter, and Letumier had taken it to read at the club, when on arriving at the market the evening of Thursday the 29th, after seven, we saw three large notices posted on the pillar in the middle. The four or five old Phalsbourgers of my time who are still in existence must recollect that between this massive pillar, which supported the great beams of the roof, and the old shed of the gabelle office, there used to hang a large lamp. The people of the town had unhooked the lamp and were crowding to read the notices. The Baraquins who were the last comers could not get near, but Letumier, with his

sharp elbows, got near at last, and began to read them in so loud a tone that they could hear him under the arch of the guard-house.

"*Letter of M. de Lafayette to the National Guards of the Departments of the Meurthe and the Moselle.*

"Paris, *August 17th*, 1790.

"GENTLEMEN,—The National Assembly having been made acquainted with the guilty conduct of the garrison at Nancy, and perceiving the fatal consequences of similar excesses, has taken, in order to repress them, the measures contained in the decree I have the honour to send you, to enable you to anticipate what orders you may receive. Allow, gentlemen, one of your brothers in arms, whom you have charged with the expression here of your devotion for the constitution and public order, to offer this opportunity to your zeal and firmness, as one of the most important, to consolidate that liberty which is founded on respect to the law, and to induce general tranquillity.

"LAFAYETTE."

It was terrible to hear this. Some days before we would all have marched; but after Chauvel's letter, which represented Lafayette as a weak and vain man, this man inviting us to war against patriot soldiers, filled us with indignation. The Baraquins cried out—

"It is shameful! The soldiers have a right to insist on accounts. The soldiers are our brothers, our friends, our children! We side with them against the noble officers who want to rob them!"

This was the general opinion; honest people did not approve of this method of paying debts. Letumier, lifting his hat over the crowd, called out—

"Hear the rest! Silence! Listen to the decree of the National Assembly"—and notwithstanding increasing dissatisfaction, the decree was read in silence, "Ordering the assembling of a military force, drawn from the garrisons and National Guards of the Department of the Meurthe and the neighbouring departments, to act under the orders of such general officer as his majesty should think fit to appoint, to punish the authors of the rebellion." And then this last notice of the Directory of the Meurthe at Nancy:—

"Whereas a requisition dated yesterday was addressed to the Directory of the Department of the Meurthe by M. de Bouillé, the general commanding for his majesty the troops of the late province of the Three Bishoprics, and employed by him in executing the decree of the National Assembly of the 16th of this month, the municipal officers of all places in the Department of the Meurthe, where there are armed National Guards, will require the commandants of the said National Guards to assemble the greatest possible number of volunteers, and to make a report accordingly, which will be submitted to the municipal officers. From this report the municipal officers will hand the commandants of the said volunteers subsistence money for eight days, at the rate of twenty-four sous per day. Every man will carry at least twenty cartridges; those who have none will obtain them at Nancy. There will be but one colour for each district. The National Guards will be quartered on their march in the same manner as regular troops, consequently no citizen can refuse to

lodge them. The march will be as rapid as possible," &c., &c., &c.

The whole of the citizens listened in silence.

Letumier had hardly finished reading the last notice, when the governor of the district, Matheis, of Sarrebourg, a big, pimple-faced man, with a tricolour sash round his waist, climbed up on the stall of the former gabelle office, from whence he addressed the people, to induce the patriots to come forward. He repeated Lafayette's letter word for word, calling him "the friend of Washington and the saviour of Liberty!" Many cried out—"Vive le roi!" "Vive Lafayette!" And Matheis was already beginning to laugh, when Elof Collin, from the centre of the market, told him that the National Guards were not constituted for the purpose of fighting our own soldiers, but to support them against our enemies; and that instead of attacking Mestre-de-Camp and Château-Vieux, they had far better pay them what they justly claimed; that thus the revolt would easily be quieted and order be again established; but that what they wanted was to bring on a contest between the army and the citizens, in order to become our masters again; he, Collin, invited every sensible man to have nothing to do with it, that the noble officers might settle their suspicious affairs, which were not the business of the nation, themselves.

Numerous cries were then raised both for and against the decree. All the buyers of national property—Maître Jean Leroux; Nicolas Roche, innkeeper; Melchior Léonard, formerly warden of a company; Louis Masson, postmaster; Raphael Mang, commissary, who had just taken the contract for the forage of the Royal Guyenne regiment; Gerard, the commandant of the

citizen guard—in fact, all the principal citizens of Phalsbourg and its environs sided with Lafayette, and they had the greater influence from the number of men they employed.

Their municipal council had already decided that the town should advance 1,000 francs for the subsistence of the volunteers; the resolution was passed in the morning, before the club met, and notwithstanding all Elof Collin could say, they voted that a detachment of the National Guard should march the next day—that such a village should furnish so many men; the Baraques had to find fifteen volunteers, and naturally Jean Leroux, Letumier, and myself were of the number, as the best patriots.

Maître Jean thought it was quite right. I believe he was not sorry to play at soldiers a little, and show off his uniform at Nancy, for his good sense and good heart did not prevent his being very vain. Letumier, Jean Kat, and I continued disputing all the way home.

We all went to bed, having agreed to start early, and settled to meet before the Three Pigeons.

II.

At six we were mustered on the Place d'Armes, with the volunteers from the town and the environs, about one hundred and fifty men, all told. We had a glass of wine at Maître Jean's before marching. Each had a good piece of bread, and put the rest in his haversack. The other villages had done the same, and the rappel began to beat for the laggards. Five or six came up, and then the commandant reviewed us; he ordered cartridge-pouches to be served out to those who had none, and twenty-five rounds per man.

Gerard, the commandant of the citizen guard, then mounted his horse; he made a speech about the duties of the citizen soldier; then raising his sword, the drums began to beat. No other volunteers appearing, we marched out by the Porte de France to the cry of "Vive le roi! Vive la nation!" from all the windows. The children followed us towards Mittelbronn and as far as Petit-Saint-Jean; then we were left to march by ourselves in the dust.

This 20th of August, 1790, and the day following were perhaps the hottest I have ever known. The burning sun on the back of our heads almost stupefied, and the dust choked us; besides, it was the first military march we had ever made. Marching in the ranks is very different to walking alone; sometimes the step

is slackened and sometimes quickened, and then the dust which you must swallow parches your mouth.

Nevertheless, we were at Sarrebourg by eleven. Not one of their citizens had marched; they were surprised to see us. We halted for refreshment, and then marched on for Blamont, which we reached by seven in the evening.

On the march, Maître Jean more than once regretted having put on his fine uniform instead of a blouse; and poor Jean Kat, with his drum on his shoulder, panted as if he was dragging the truck of Father Sondeur. I got along very well. The sweat ran down my back, it it true, and I had taken off my gaiters to let the air get to my legs, but I stood it easily, and so did the other village lads.

The town youths were very glad when they happened to fall in with vehicles which were going to Blamont, and to have a lift for a few sous; and Jean Kat was very glad to hang his drum to the back of a cart.

At last we reached Blamont, where the commandant Gerard and Captain Laffrenez found quarters with the mayor, whose name was Voinon, Maître Jean and Letumier with a municipal officer, and Jean Kat, Jacques Grillot, and I with a wine-merchant and good patriot, who gave us supper at his own table, and told us that their commandant, M. Fromental, had left two days before with the Blamont and Herbeviller volunteers; they were almost all without muskets, but they had been promised them when they arrived.

He gave us very good Toul wine, and as we had to get up next morning before light to profit by the coolness of the air, after supper he took us into a double-bedded room. Jean Kat and Grillot had the larger one;

I had the other to myself, and I slept so soundly that they had to shake me to rouse me. Jean Kat was beating the rappel in the Rue Noire. It might be about three. At four we began our march, for when the sun rose behind us, from the colour of the sky we could see we should be in an oven, as it were, till we got to Luneville.

We arrived there about nine. We were obliged to fall in, carrying arms and drums beating, to enter the town.

There every one was pleased to see us. The cries of "Vive la nation!" began again. Children ran after us in crowds, and women looked and laughed at us from the windows. These Luneville people were always patriotic. That was a consequence of the garrison being there.

I recollect we halted on a small square place, ornamented by clumps of trees, and after having piled arms, Maître Jean, Letumier, and I went into a good inn at the corner of this place. We had an hour's halt, which pleased us much.

"Well," cried Maître Jean, "we are getting on."

"Yes, but it is all against the collar now, as far as Nancy," replied Letumier.

"Bah! we have done the worst of it," said Maître Jean. "The chief thing is now to get to Nancy as soon as possible, to put in a word."

The square and streets in the neighbourhood were crowded with people. Citizens, soldiers, and all sorts of men and women were going and coming; some of them stopped to look at us. I never saw such a throng; the people crowded into the inn. Great red-coated carbineers were smoking, drinking, and stretching their long legs under the tables; people were laughing, and just

then we heard that peace was made, that Mestre-de-Camp, Château-Vieux, and the king's regiments had surrendered, that all was arranged, and the leaders of the mutiny would be punished. It appeared that good news had really come, for out of doors they were crying "Vive le roi!" The carbineers, Alsatian giants, while they emptied their little pitchers of beer, laughed in their moustaches, and said—

"It is lucky they have come to terms."

The joy shown by every one was a proof how distasteful a war amongst ourselves would have been, and of course while we were drinking our wine and having a crust of bread, we were quite satisfied at not coming to blows.

The commandant Gerard had gone to see the mayor, M. Drouin; and as the news of peace gained credit, instead of hurrying we stayed till eleven. Then the mayor and corporation came to see us on the place while the rappel was beaten, and we fell in. The commandant mounted his horse, saluted these gentlemen, and we marched, quite happy to feel that we should reach Nancy with a prospect, not of fighting, but of peace.

Towards four we began to distinguish on the horizon high grey towers and some old buildings. I thought to myself—"Can that be Nancy?" but I could not believe it. It was Saint-Nicolas. We continued to get near slowly in the dust, when two dull reports were heard at a distance on our right in the plain. Our company halted in surprise and listened; there was a dead silence. Some seconds, and a third and then a fourth report followed, and our commandant, standing up in his stirrups, cried—

"'Tis cannon! The battle has begun! Forward!"

Notwithstanding our fatigue, and our disappointment at the good news at Luneville turning out false, we marched on again at the double; but as we advanced so did our line extend; three-fourths would not follow; and when we reached the nearest houses of Saint-Nicolas, looking back, we could see our stragglers all along the road. We were obliged to halt to wait for the nearest.

This is the consequence of beginning by forced marches. I have often seen it since then in Germany: all the conscripts remain behind, very lucky if the cavalry does not come to drive them on.

Our drummers having at last come up, we entered the old town of Saint-Nicolas, full of weavers', drapers', and cap-makers' signs hanging outside the houses, as you see at a fair. It is much changed since then; but at that time the golden arm of Saint-Nicolas attracted numbers of pilgrims, and that lasted till the day the republic sent the arm to the mint at Metz to be melted, along with the holy vessels and the bells. We were exhausted.

As we marched up the principal street it swarmed with people; the shopkeepers were deserting their homes in a fright, women rushed about, holding their children by the hand. On the cathedral square we grounded arms, in the middle of a crowd of peasants, workmen, and disbanded National Guards, whom the municipality of Nancy had sent away before the attack, because they sided with the soldiers. Never was such confusion.

These men, in a rage, told us they had scarcely quitted the town before the Germans attacked the

Porte Neuve. One of their captains, a dry old fellow, with a hooked nose, and very much marked by the small-pox, saluted our commandant, and said, with his hand on the horse's neck—

"Are you going to Nancy, commandant? Don't go. The military authorities and the municipality distrust the citizen guards—a set of vagabonds—you will fall into an ambuscade!"

He was foaming with rage.

"Captain," said the commandant, "my men and I know our duty."

"All right," said the old fellow; "I have warned you; do as you like."

But as half our people were still behind, the commandant let us fall out while waiting for them, and we had time to drink a glass of wine under the linen awnings in front of the wine-shops. The bell-towers were filled with curious people with spy-glasses, and those who came down called out as they passed—

"The fighting is at the Faubourg Saint-Pierre," or, "The smoke comes from the Porte Stainville," and so on.

In about half-an-hour all our stragglers had come up, and we set out for Nancy; we soon heard the firing; about six it was very hot. The noise of the cannon had ceased. We began to make out the town, and at the same time the first runaways came near us. They were wretches indeed, nearly all in blouses, barefooted, with neither hats or caps—in fact it was misery, the great misery of the towns in those days; entire troops of these poor creatures were running away; farther on we met three or four wounded sitting by the side of the road, some with their heads, some with their legs

covered with blood; they looked hard at us, but said nothing. I thought perhaps they did not see us, or took us for enemies.

But as we met these poor people the firing which we had at first heard on the right spread all over the town; and then it was, as we heard afterwards, that the soldiers of Château-Vieux and the people fell back; and then the massacre began. As we came into a long street of lofty houses, all closed from top to bottom, we saw a number of people retreating towards us before five or six hussars, who were cutting them down without mercy; horses reared, sabres flashed, and screams resounded, screams which made your flesh creep. It was horrible!

These people had only to turn round and fall on the brigands who pursued them; they might have taken them by the leg and unhorsed them easily, instead of which they allowed themselves to be cut down. Fear makes one stupid. Our commandant ordered us to keep to the left, close to the houses, to allow these people to pass, and to halt. Maître Jean, Letumier, and the other officers drew their swords, and ordered us to load. Every one of us then bit his first cartridge. The crowd came up to us, and passed like a flock of sheep pursued by wolves; when the hussars saw our bayonets they turned their horses' heads round; they must have expected our fire, for at the first turning they disappeared; in an instant the street was empty, and the flyers had hidden themselves; some remained lying with their faces to the ground. The din in the town broke out again and the firing, and we heard the tinkling of a little bell in the midst of the slaughter. What dismal thoughts occur to you when you recall these horrors,

and how you pity the poor, who are sure to be the sufferers, even when only asking for justice! When the confusion was over our commandant ordered us to march, and we advanced to the grey square gate of Saint-Nicolas, when the cry of "Ver da?" warned us that the Germans were masters of Nancy.

M. de Bouillé had only brought these fellows with him; Frenchmen would have stopped short of his aim; he wanted to make a frightful example.

Then the grey moustache of the commandant curled as he advanced alone and answered, "France! citizen guard of Phalsbourg." Some moments later a picket of these Germans in blue coats, like our invalids now, came out accompanied by an officer to reconnoitre us; they evidently distrusted us, for we had a long time to wait with grounded arms before receiving orders from head-quarters, for the fatigue of the two forced marches had exhausted us, and it was only about nine that a lieutenant ordered us to relieve the Germans on guard at the gate. There were about fifteen of them in the guard-house; the beggars were glad to be relieved, to be able to go and plunder like their comrades.

We passed the night under the Porte Saint-Nicolas, stretched on the ground, with our heads on our knapsacks, along the walls. We slept by the side of one another. Two guns and some baggage-waggons blocked up the gate, and the pavement had been taken up; the sentries, who were relieved every hour, had their beat towards the town and the faubourg; that is all I can recollect, for luckily it was not my turn for duty before morning.

I was awoke two or three times by cries and disputes; it was our patrols bringign in their prisoners;

they were thrust into the guard-house and the door closed, in spite of the cries of the poor creatures inside, who could hardly breathe. I recollect that as I should a dream.

When sleep has once possession of a man he hears and sees nothing. I know that night hundreds of wretches were massacred, and the brutality of the nobles showed itself in all its rage against the people, but I saw nothing of it myself.

The next day, September 1, it was something else!

I was early on my legs, and what I saw that day, notwithstanding the years which have gone, remains to this moment as if painted before my eyes.

The beat of the drum woke us at four; raising myself on my elbow, still half asleep, I saw in the dawn, at ten paces from me, a German officer with the commandant Gerard talking together; behind them was a civil officer with a sash round his waist, and his hand in his large white waistcoat; they looked towards the dark gate, where we were getting up one after the other, shaking the dust from our clothes, picking up our muskets, and buckling on our knapsacks.

After the rappel came the roll-call; many of our comrades had come in during the night; we were about a hundred and twenty or thirty strong without the sentries and patrols.

Roll-call over, the commandant said—

"Comrades, you have to escort the prisoners to the town prisons."

Three waggons with straw in them drew up at the same time, and they began by letting out the poor creatures who had been thrust into them the evening before. They came out; it would hardly be credited;

women, soldiers, populace, citizens, the street was crowded with them! so pale, in such disorder, it made you sick; many of them, covered with blood, were unable to walk; they had to be supported under the arms. When they came out into the air they struggled and gasped as if they were choking, and called for water, which was given them in a can, and then they were put into the waggons.

This took up twenty minutes, and then we marched them off; the carts with the wounded in front, the prisoners in the rear, two by two, between us. I have seen these convoys since—yes, indeed, I have seen them, and, much more considerable, thirty and forty carts one after the other. But this was the first, and the horror it inspired me with was most lasting; one need be buried to forget such dreadful sights. Later it was the wounded who were conveyed to the ambulances the evening after some great battle, or aristocrats to the guillotine; this time it was the populace and soldiers who were led to the gallows, for not satisfied with having exterminated three thousand poor wretches, four hundred of whom were women and children, that very day Bouillé hanged twenty-eight soldiers of the Château-Vieux, condemned by a court-martial; one was broken alive on the wheel, notwithstanding the abolition of torture decreed by the National Assembly, and forty-one were sent to the king's galleys. We were already on our march to Phalsbourg when we heard the news of these abominations. People have cried out with reason against the September massacres, and the convoys of victims of '93; they were indeed most unnatural. But the nobles had set the example. It is a great misfortune! when you ask for pity on yourself

and your people, you should have had it on others, and not have been cruel in the hour of victory.

Well, the line of prisoners advanced between our two files of bayonets. We marched in the greatest silence, for all the houses were closed like prisons, except those that had been pillaged, the doors and shutters of which were lying about in splinters. Maître Jean commanded us; two or three times he looked at me, and I saw in his eyes how he pitied them; but what was to be done? Bouillé was master, and must be obeyed.

The wretches we were escorting—some coatless, some shirtless, their arms in slings, or their heads bandaged—looked straight before them; their eyes were dim, and we could hear occasionally those sighs, caused by dread at being taken; to know there is no hope, and that one has left behind an old mother, or a wife and children, to perish of want—that is what causes sighs like these, gently, and in jerks, and shuddering internally. Those who hear you understand you, and, if they could, would willingly let you escape.

Every one must see that I did not pay much attention to the streets, the less so that we often met soldiers and other wretches, men and women, lying in pools of blood. We had to march over them—it made us all shiver—some of our prisoners, the bravest, looked round as they went by with their eyes half shut, to recognise and salute a friend or a comrade.

In one little place we saw horses with their bridles off, eating hay, and some of Lauzun's hussars sleeping on straw by them. That is all I recollect of the route, except, however, the great town-hall; the early morning making the panes of glass in the windows glitter, officers going and coming under a magnificent gateway,

and estafettes below, waiting for orders. Two battalions of Liègeois were bivouacked on the place—the sky was clear and the stars still bright.

At the moment we passed under a sort of triumphal arch, we heard—

"Ver da?"

It was a dragoon on guard before the prisons, which were surrounded by ditches. The major, who followed with the municipal officer, immediately stepped forward, and passed us on to another place with three rows of trees in it. The waggons stopped before a sort of hospital, with bars before the windows, like the baskets men carry on their backs; and while they were passing under the archway I noticed this prison was guarded by a post of the Royal Allemand. Fancy my dismay at knowing that Nicolas was at Nancy! I recollected his letter, and the idea occurred to me that the poor devil had cut down every one for the love of discipline, as he did at Paris. I was in hopes of not meeting him; but while we were getting out the wounded, I began to reflect he might be wounded too; that made me feel we were still brothers, and he had always taken my part in days gone by; besides, if my father and mother knew we had been so near without seeing or speaking to one another, it would sorely grieve them. So I forgot everything else, and I went up to the nearest sentry and asked him if he knew Nicolas Bastien, corporal in the 3rd squadron of the Royal Allemand. When I told this man I was his brother, he said he knew him very well; I need only go down the little street facing me, to the Porte Neuve, where the Royal Allemand had charged the evening before, and that any one of his troop would take me to him.

Maître Jean was not pleased that I wanted to go and see Nicolas.

"What a misfortune for us to come and mix ourselves up with these brigands!" said he. "People will begin to believe that the citizen guards have supported the Germans against the patriots; they will put it in all their gazettes; what a misfortune!"

He did not prevent my going to see Nicolas, but told me to hurry, for we should not remain long at Nancy; every one had had enough of it. I set off directly, with my musket on my shoulder, and stepped out to the Porte Neuve. Now if I tried to describe the horrors of the massacre in this quarter, you could not believe me. No, they could not have been men, only savage beasts could have perpetrated such brutalities. The populace and the Swiss must have offered a desperate resistance in these holes and corners, for everything was torn down, broken, destroyed—doors, windows, gutters, everything!

Heaps of bricks and tiles filled the street, just like after a fire; bedding which had been thrown out for the wounded trodden on and soaked in blood; some horses were lying and struggling there also. Two or three times in passing before some of the half-destroyed houses, I heard dreadful cries; they were the poor Swiss who had hidden themselves after the battle, and who were killed without mercy, for Bouillé had ordered his Germans to kill every soldier belonging to the Château-Vieux regiment.

The monsters! cursed be they who could commit such crimes! Yes, cursed be they! And may God avenge the unhappy victims!

I was thinking of these things, and I felt indignant.

I then came into a larger street and saw a mountain of paving-stones, and behind these stones was the Porte Neuve, pierced through and through by cannon-balls, with a long line of carts, where the dead were piled up like heaps of rags—men, women, and—I must say it, as it is true—poor little children! Some of the common people were moving away the paving-stones to open a road for the dead to pass out to be buried. Some hussars were directing the work; women standing by cried unceasingly; they wanted to see their relations once more; but it had been so hot the last two days that they could not delay. All along the street the Royal Allemand, quartered on the citizens, were looking out of the windows; others, below, were standing round the carts to help the hussars if necessary, for the crowd was very great. An old woman, whose neighbours were carrying her away by force, cried—

"I want to be killed too! Let these brigands kill me too! They have killed my boy, let me go! You are all brigands!"

That made me sick. I was sorry I had come, when among those standing by the carts I saw big Jerome of Quatre-Vents, with the scar on his face. He was still a sergeant, and laughed while he smoked his pipe. I knew him well, but I did not speak to him; but other Royal Allemands of whom I inquired where Corporal Bastien was quartered, pointed out the windows of the inn opposite, where I recognised Nicolas, in spite of his uniform. He, too, was smoking his pipe and looking on at this horrid spectacle; and I crossed the street all the same very well pleased to see my brother again. It is very natural after all, though I knew very well we could never agree. When I came to the door under

his window and called, "Nicolas!" he flew downstairs crying out—

"What! is it you? Have you come from Phalsbourg? Well done! I am so glad!"

He looked at me. I could see he was pleased. We went upstairs, and when we got to the top he pushed open the door of a large room where five or six Royal Allemands were drinking round a table, and three or four others looking out of the windows.

"Look here," cried he, "look at this young fellow; he's my brother; look at his shoulders!"

I was very glad to see him. All these Royal Allemands had their bearskin caps and their sabres hanging against the walls. They seemed very good fellows. They gave me some wine. Nicolas kept on repeating—

"Ah, if you had been here yesterday! You should have been here yesterday at five to see the dance; we cut them down in style."

He whispered to me that the sergeant of his troop had been killed, and that Captain Mendel would allow no one but Corporal Bastien to replace him, on account of his good conduct.

Fancy how all this disgusted me after the horrors I had already seen, but before the others I had nothing to say—I affected to be pleased.

Soon after the trumpets sounded to stables, and they all got up. They put on their caps and their swords to go out. Nicolas was going down also, but one of his comrades told him to stay, as he would tell the officer and do his duty for him. He sat down again, and then at last, when the others were all gone, he recollected his father and mother, and said—

"And the old people, are they all well?"

I told him every one was in good health—father, mother, Mathurine, Claude, and little Etienne; that I was now earning thirty livres a month, and that I allowed them to want for nothing. He was very pleased to hear it, and shook my hand, saying—

"Michel, you are a good fellow. You must let them want for nothing, the poor old people! I ought to have gone and seen them—yes, so I ought! But when I thought of beans and pulse, and of that nest of vermin where we endured such wretchedness, I changed my mind every time. A Royal Allemand must keep up his position. You earn more than I do, it is true, but to wear a sword by your side and to serve the king makes a great difference. One must respect oneself, and old relations with ragged gowns and breeches, you see, Michel, that will not do for a corporal!"

"Yes," said I, "I understand, but now they are not so ragged. I have paid Robin's debt, and father has no more corvées to do, and mother has two goats, which give butter and milk, and fowls which lay eggs. Mathurine does day-work at Maître Jean's; she is housekeeper; and little Etienne knows how to read I teach him myself in the evening. The cottage is also improved. I have had it thatched, and I have put up a wooden staircase instead of the ladder. The room above has a new floor; we have two beds with four pair of sheets, instead of our old boxes full of heather. The glazier Regal, of Phalsbourg, has put in the panes of glass which had been wanting for the last twenty years; the mason Kroma has put two steps before the door."

"Ah!" said he, "since everything is in such good order, and there is something to eat, I can come, and I

will come and see the poor old people. I shall ask for a week's leave; you tell them so, Michel!"

He had a good heart, but not the shadow of common sense; he could only admire epaulettes, sword-cuts, and gun-shots. Now such men are few, education has spread so much among the people; but at that time they were common enough, because of the ignorance in which they had been held by the seigneurs and the monks, to make them work and rob them at their leisure.

As I was talking to him about the massacre, and he listened while smoking his pipe, with his elbow on the table, all of a sudden he called out, puffing out great clouds of smoke—

"Ah! that's all politics. What do you Baraquins know about politics?"

"Politics!" said I; "but these poor Swiss only wanted their money!"

"Their money!" said he, shrugging his shoulders. "Look here! did not the Mestre-de-Camp regiment get theirs? did not the commune pay every man in the regiment of the king three louis to get them to go to their barracks before the fighting began? These Swiss were rascals—they sided with the patriots. We massacred them because they held the butts of their muskets in the air instead of firing on the canaille at the attack on the Bastille. Do you see that, Michel?"

And while I was quite surprised at all this, after a moment's pause he continued—

"And this is only the beginning—the king must have his rights again; the talkers of the National Assembly will get the same. Be easy, General Bouillé has planned it all right; one of these mornings we shall march upon Paris, and then look out!"

He laughed, and showed his teeth under his moustaches. The courage and joy of a beast of prey when about to fall on a tempting bit, and seeming to have it already in its grasp, were painted in his face. I was disgusted. I said to myself, "Is it possible such an animal as this can be your brother?" But as to talking sense to him, or trying to get one good idea into his head, what was the use? He would not have understood it, and would, perhaps, have quarrelled with me, so I thought I had better go.

"Well, Nicolas," said I, "I am very glad I have seen you, but at half-past eight the detachment returns to Phalsbourg."

"Are you going?"

"Yes, Nicolas; let us shake hands."

"But I thought you were going to breakfast with me; my comrades will be back directly. I have got plenty of money. General Bouillé gave every man twelve livres bounty money."

He slapped his pocket where the money was.

"No, it is not possible; duty first. If I did not answer at the roll-call it would be a serious matter."

This argument seemed to him to have more force than any other. I took my musket, and we went down into the street.

"Well!" said he, embracing me, "good-bye, Michel; a good journey." We embraced, both really affected. "Don't forget to tell the old people that I shall soon be sergeant."

"No."

"And I will come and see them when I get the stripes on my arm."

"All right, I will tell them all about it."

I set off, thinking to myself, "That poor devil is not a bad fellow, but he would cut everybody down for discipline's sake."

Just as I got to the Porte Saint-Nicolas the rappel was beaten.

"Well!" cried Maître Jean, "have you seen him?"

He saw by my face what I was thinking about, and from that time we never talked about him.

I had hardly time to go to the baker opposite, and buy a small loaf of bread and two sausages, for I had only had something to drink at the Porte Neuve, and then our detachment set out for Phalsbourg.

The march home increased our disgust, by the sight of those cowards who take the successful side, bawling out victory and putting on looks of delight to salute their master, and making speeches about order and justice, and devotion to the defenders of authority, and about severity necessary to support the laws, &c. All of which means—we are on your side because you are the stronger—we should have been the first to crush you had you been the weaker!

All along the road we saw this sort of people, with their cowardly faces, their great stomachs girded with sashes; fellows crying, "Vive le roi!" "Vive le Général Bouillé!" "Vive Royal Allemand!" enough to burst themselves. They came to compliment us in one village, their mayor at their head; but the commandant Gerard, who saw them coming, cried out—"Out of the way! mille tonnerres! out of the way!" And we passed on while they saluted us, and we looked at them with contempt. What a pity such wretches are not always treated in like manner! then they would learn what their speeches are really worth, and if they

have no respect for themselves they would at least respect the grief of honest people.

At Luneville the authorities had been very firm, but notwithstanding there was a general uneasiness prevailing everywhere when we arrived about two. As the citizen guard of the town had not yet returned, we were stopped at every gate for news, especially by the women whose sons or husbands were at Nancy; we could hardly continue our march.

The crowd surrounded us on the place, and we could scarcely reply to the inquiries of everybody, when some one called out—

"What! there is Maître Jean and Michel Bastien; the Baraquins are distinguishing themselves."

It was Georges Mouton, the son of our former échevin, the landlord of the Mouton d'Or, on the place at Phalsbourg—a tall, strong lad of twenty, who has since made his way in the world. We used to buy our white bread of his father, for he was a baker as well, and more than once in favourable years Maître Jean had gone into Alsace with him; they bought their wine together at Barr, and got it cheaper. We were very glad to see young Mouton, who took us away with him, saying—

"Let us go and dine at the Deux Carpes."

"What are you doing at Luneville, George?" said Maître Jean.

"I am grocer's shopman, Maître Jean," said he, laughing. "I sell sugar and cinnamon for some one else till I can buy a business for myself."

"A very good trade," said Maître Jean; "your father is quite right to put you into it: people are always in want of pepper, and candles, and oil, and if you can buy well you can always sell well."

Mouton walked on before us, and we entered one of those little inns where you are served over the counter with wine, beer, or spirits; customers came in and went out; a few strangers were sitting at a table and eating fried fish. Mouton wanted to treat us to an omelette au lard and some Toul wine, which Maître Jean, as his senior, could not allow; he paid all himself, and gave us some coffee as well.

Of course we talked about what had happened at Nancy; Mouton cried out—

"What a pity I did not see it! My master is sergeant-major of his company; he is full of ambition, and has left his shop for me to take care of while he goes and passes for a man of courage down there. If he has only got a slight wound, that would be some consolation; but I know him; he is the man to cry 'Forwards!' with his men in front of him."

"Ah," said Maître Jean, "you would only have seen the rascality of the nobles."

"Another reason why. I have always hated those cadets who stop promotion in the army, and drive us to become grocers if we wish to get on; I should have detested them still more, and it would have done me good!"

And as Maître Jean expressed his fears for liberty in consequence of this massacre—

"Bah!" said he. "This is the end of the play. If the aristocrats had gone on gently, they might have drawn their pensions for ten, fifteen, or twenty years more; now the affair is at issue between the officers and the soldiers; they must come to blows, and one side must lose; and it will be the gentlemen. Well, Maître Leroux, let us hope it will be soon; for I confess a

musket on my shoulder would suit me much better than an apron round my legs."

Maître Jean laughed, and said—

"With your ideas you will not get a business of your own, but one must suit oneself to the times; I think as you do that opportunities will not be wanting for young men to get on. Bouillé, who has just struck his first successful blow, will be sure to try to lead his Germans to Paris."

"So much the better," cried Mouton; "it is the greatest service he can render us."

As they were beating the rappel, we were obliged to go. Mouton went with us to the trees, and shook hands with us, sending his compliments to his friends and acquaintance at Phalsbourg. We then set off, and he returned to his shop. We little thought we had seen the man who was to replace Lafayette in the command of the Paris National Guard!

The world is a strange thing, especially in revolution. He who in ordinary times would be either a publican, or a grocer, or a sergeant, becomes a Marshal of France, a King of Sweden, an Emperor of the French! And others, who were looked on as eagles in point of birth, take off their hats to him for employment and advancement.

The same evening we reached Blamont, and the next day home without any fresh occurrence.

Bad news had gone faster than our detachment; the whole country was alarmed; every one expected the Austrians would soon be at home in Lorraine. The worst of it was, we dared not say so; our good king represented order; and the venal deputies of the Assembly, of whom Chauvel had written to us, voted

thanks to General Bouillé. But, thank God, the Count d'Artois and his friends were not yet where they hoped to be; some time must pass before they see Paris again, with their laws of primogenitureship, of sacrilege, and other follies; the revolution had other roots to throw out in the soil of France—roots which all the aristocrats and all the capucins in the world will never be able to pull up, and which will constitute the eternal honour and strength of our country.

III.

Agitation and uneasiness increased daily after our return to Baraques; Maître Jean, Letumier, Claude Huré, and all the buyers of Church lands began to fear they might experience the fate of the Château-Vieux regiment, and lose their money and lands as well. Prudent men like these became, therefore, most energetic supporters of the revolution. They were called "active" citizens, because they paid a land tax, personal tax, and other taxes, the value of three days' work.

They were nearly all fathers of families, and they alone had the right of voting at the elections of deputies, municipal officers, judges, curés, and even bishops.

But we, who had only our arms and our blood to give in the service of our country, we were called "passive" citizens, and had no vote at the elections. The National Assembly, instead of bringing citizens together by justice and equality, followed the example of our kings, who divided them into classes, to set one against the other, and so keep them all together in subjection. For sixty years all our misfortunes have arisen from this step, but at that time the evil of such a decree was not apparent, and rich and poor all sided with the revolution; for those who had nothing hoped the

day would come when by work and economy they might have something.

You should then see how amiable the active citizens were to the passive; how Maître Jean tapped me on the shoulder and called me liberty's firm defender; how the poor devils of the villages were bowed to by those who had Church property; how they shook hands with them, and said—

"We are all for the same cause, we must all stand by one another. These rascally nobles and bishops, they want to rob us and re-establish their former rights; but let them beware! All citizens will rather be cut to pieces for their country!"

And so on.

Every evening at the inn we heard of nothing but this. Maître Jean was civil to every one; he gave credit to the greatest drunkards, and put down five or six bottles of wine to their account on the slate, never expecting to see a liard of his money. So you see what an ill-judged measure compelled respectable people to do to gain friends. How many battles have been won by the soldiers notwithstanding the blunders of their leaders! and how much good sense ought the masses to possess to counterbalance similar errors!

When Maître Jean talked about defending ourselves, many people did not hesitate to say—

"All very well, Maître Jean; that is all very well; but we have nothing to defend; we are nothing, we vote for nothing—not even for what concerns us most; the citizens do all; they have taken all for themselves! Let every man fight in proportion to what he has to defend!"

Others took the other side, and cried—

"Maître Jean is right—we are all brothers; we will protect our rights. Come, Dame Catherine, another bottle! Here's the health of all good patriots!"

And they did not dare refuse it, at a time when Lafayette was moving for a vote of thanks to be given to his cousin Bouillé for the Nancy massacre; and when the friends of the throne announced that his majesty was about to make a tour in the country to re-establish order in the provinces. Of course monks and capucins raised their heads again; they went about preaching, excommunicating, and cursing; they were to be seen at every cottage door stimulating the women to take the part of God against their husbands—of God, that is to say, their convents, abbeys, fishponds, and forests, which they wanted back, but sowing dissensions in our families.

I did not tell them at home that I had been to see Nicolas; I should have had to tell them all about his conduct in the massacre, his ideas about the nobles, discipline, &c.; it would have given pain to my father, and my mother would have said he was right; she never saw me without saying—

"You! you will get your head broken for Maître Jean's sake. You will get the thrashing and he will keep what he has stolen, if they don't hang you with Dame Catherine and their friend Chauvel. You deny your religion, and will be damned for the sake of these brigands!"

"Come, come," cried my father, "don't make such a noise."

But she would go on worse than before, and you could see it was word for word what she had learned of Father Benedict.

It was no better at the forge, for Valentine, who did not dare to show his joy openly, never ceased repeating to me—

"Now our seigneurs have had their revenge for the Bastille; it was sure to come sooner or later, for right is right. The descendants of our seigneurs ought not to be confounded with wretches like us. I warn you, Michel, the National Assembly will soon be sent away; the king will dismiss the whole concern, and they will all be punished for their crimes. As for Maître Jean, he may give credit as much as he likes to Christopher Magloire and Pierre Journachon; when his majesty's armies come here, everything will be swept away, our holy Church will regain its lands, and the persons and property of the guilty will suffer for the harm they have done. May God only grant that we may be allowed to remain at our occupations, for our faults are great, and the measure of our iniquities is full! God grant that they may shut their eyes to the past, for we have all deserved a rope for our votes and our elections!"

So this fool argued! If he had not been so stupid we should have come to blows more than once; as it was, I listened as one does to the braying of an ass. This was the case in all families in all the villages; if Bouillé had struck the blow he meditated in Paris, the revolution might have failed, people were so terrified, and the priests worked so hard. But you will see, though we were discouraged among ourselves here, at Paris the patriots were not as easily depressed, and they had sufficient courage to resist, not only the court, but the venal deputies of the National Assembly.

Maître Jean told me to write to Chauvel and tell

him all I had heard at Nancy; and as I had always a letter in hand it was very easy. In the evening, after work was over, I went to the library which Margaret had shown me, and alone with my little lamp I put everything down as it occurred. If I had time I read an hour or two, and then I went home, a thousand ideas passing through my mind about life and men—of the great wisdom of some and the ignorance of others.

I was always happy in reading the encyclopædia. I skipped nothing; everything seemed admirable, and M. Diderot's articles more so than any. Instead of being unenlightened as I had been, everything astonished and affected me, from the small blades of grass up to the stars. I should have wished to learn arithmetic, but I had no teacher to put me in the way of it.

Thoughts of my father and of Margaret used to occur to me, sometimes in sadness, sometimes with satisfaction. I used to meditate on the great struggles of the true representatives of the nation for the rights of the people. My heart would be exalted, and I often went home very late, past midnight, without having had one tedious moment.

So passed my life. On Sunday, instead of beginning to read in the evening, I was in Chauvel's library at seven in the morning. This manner of living seemed to me so much the more pleasant after having suffered so much in my infancy, having been so anxious to learn, without a moment for instruction, as all my time belonged to my master; I considered myself most fortunate.

When Maître Jean told me to describe the horrors at Nancy my letter was nearly finished, and I filled up the

last pages with that shocking story. That night, when I had finished, about eleven, pleased at having told all I know, I opened the window to meditate at my ease. The night was mild. Looking at the little garden in the moonlight, I saw the golden pippins were ripe; and while thinking how Margaret and her father would enjoy them, I thought to myself—

"Why should they not taste them? I have only to pick the fruit, pack them carefully in a basket, and send them to Paris by Jean-Marie, the carrier; he is fifteen days on the road, but apples keep more than fifteen days."

I was so pleased with my idea that I thought it over all night in our hut, and next day while reading my letter over to Maître Jean, I spoke to him about it.

"Why, Michel," said he, "yours is a very good notion; it is very pleasant to receive anything from home when absent. During my trip in France, in 1760, near Mezières, a journeyman named Christian Weber arrived from Alsace; he had some smoked sausages and chitterlings in his pouch; never did I enjoy anything more. The smell of the fir-wood tickled my nose. I seemed to see the mountain; and I could have cried for pleasure had it not been for my comrades, who laughed, and sang, and enjoyed themselves. So, to-morrow, Sunday, you must carefully pick the finest apples from the trees in Chauvel's orchard, for fallen fruit will not keep long; you must get one of your father's largest and strongest baskets, and we will fill it, not only with apples, but put in also a smoked pig's cheek, which is considered the most delicate part, with five or six good sausages, two bottles of white Alsatian, and two bottles of red Lorraine wine, the best I have

in the cellar, and do not forget several dozen green walnuts, for, if you recollect, Chauvel is very fond of them; we could always hear him cracking them behind the stove. Put them all in, but you must have a large and strong basket."

So said Maître Jean, who was pleased with my idea, and added—

"We cannot do them a greater pleasure."

I thought as he did, and I was the more pleased to see he approved of it.

I do not remember a happier day than that Sunday, when early in the morning, having chosen a basket from among those which my father kept piled up under the staircase, I took it on my shoulder to the Three Pigeons, and picked the finest apples in the orchard. No, I never passed a pleasanter time, both on account of the beauty of the fruit, and the happiness I had in imagining Margaret's pretty white teeth biting them.

Then I went to the back of the inn and knocked down the walnuts from the great tree, and while my stick brought them down by dozens, I said to myself—

"Father Chauvel will be pleased. How he will enjoy them!"

I fancied I heard him crack them, with the reflection—

"Michel is really a very good boy!"

And this affected me, and made me say to myself—

"Yes, Father Chauvel, yes, he is a good boy and loves you. Believe me, he would lay down his life for you! Margaret will never find any one who will love her so much or make her so happy; it is not possible!"

I need not describe to you how everything was packed

in the basket as Maître Jean told me; the pig's cheek and the chitterlings were at the bottom, the apples in hay in the middle, and on them the nuts in their shells to keep them fresh, on the top of all the bottles, and then straw, and the whole then sewn up in packing-cloth, and directed to "M. Chauvel, deputy to the National Assembly, Rue du Bouloi, No. 11, at Paris." This was done in the great room by Maître Jean, Dame Catherine, Nicole, and myself all together.

Many other patriots, hearing that we were going to send some provisions to Chauvel, came to beg us to put something from them in the basket: smoked bacon, honey in the comb, fruit, or kirschenwasser; but it was not possible, and we thanked them all the same; the basket was heavy enough; it weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds, but that was nothing; the big carrier, Jean-Marie, who took thousands of pounds' weight in his six-horse waggon, put it under the cart awning and started on Monday evening.

From that day we waited for news from Paris, but they did not come till the end of September, and during that time how many disputes did we have at the Three Pigeons!

About this time the Red Book, printed by order of the National Assembly, reached Baraques for the first time. Old Rigaud, who had gone to receive a small inheritance at Toul, brought it home with him, and every evening we inspected it, and cried out, and wrangled over it. From it we learned that not only had the officers (the nobles) robbed their own men, but that we had been victimised for a length of time by the court seigneurs, called courtiers, who used to pilfer atrociously. The principal robberies were thus

effected: every time the deficit compelled the ministers to raise a new loan, their friends, and those of the Count d'Artois, the queen, and the princes, down to the serving-men, were inscribed as lenders of a certain sum to the Treasury; they had receipts for a certain amount, which is called a coupon, each one in proportion to his unworthiness, and without having paid up a liard, and so we poor victims were forced by fresh taxes to pay the perpetual interest on sums which these paupers had never lent the nation.

It would not be easy to calculate how much we had lost by this device.

Camille Desmoulins said in his gazette that these courtiers deserved hanging twenty-four million times, because they had robbed twenty-four million poor, as much as if they had taken the money out of their pockets, and more disgracefully still, since they had the credit of being honest, since they called themselves noble, since everything was entrusted to them, and they ran no risk of being arrested.

I have this Red Book, and I should like to give you some particulars from it, but it would take up time, and when once on this chapter we should never leave off.

Valentine asserted that Chauvel and his friends had invented the Red Book to dishonour our seigneurs. When a man is blind by nature you might put the sun before his face and he could not see it; no possible explanation could be of any service to him.

In this month of September, 1790, Louis XVI. dismissed Necker: after M. de Bouillé's victory the king thought he had no further need of him. Some abused Necker because he had given pensions to his

friends; others, like Maître Jean, said good and evil ought to be put in the scale together; that Necker had not enriched himself as the Cardinal de Brienne had done; and without the compte-rendu of Necker in 1778 the revolution would not have occurred so soon, and that ought to be borne in mind by honest men. I think he was right; at all events, since the dismissal of Necker, Louis XVI. only listened to the enemies of the revolution; they forced him along so rapidly, that at the end of two years he was on the verge of destruction.

But that all took place later—I need not talk of it now.

I return to this month of September, 1790, when at last we had a letter from Margaret, accompanied by a large bundle of newspapers. Here it is; I copy it word for word; for, apart from the pleasure I have in recalling the pleasant days of my youth, every one will see better what was then passing in Paris, how one lived there, and what was the opinion about the king, Bouillé, the emigrants, the clubs, and the National Assembly. Personally I could not say so much about them.

"My Good Michel,

"We have received your basket of fruit, sausages, and wine with great pleasure, notwithstanding the sad news you send us. Be not discouraged; on the contrary, the more harm the aristocrats do, the sooner shall we be rid of them. The eyes of the nation are opening daily, and it has only to will it to put an end to its distresses.

"My father has so much to do at the Assembly and the Jacobin Club, that he desires me to thank you,

Maître Jean, Dame Catherine, and all those who wanted to send anything in the basket. I am well pleased to do so, for it is some time since I wished to write to you; in his long letter of six pages he speaks of nothing but the business of the National Assembly and the country, for the benefit of Maître Jean, Letumier, and all the patriots with you; so much the better, no doubt; but Dame Catherine, Nicole, and even you, I am sure, would not be sorry to know how we live, where we lodge, what I do morning and evening, what is the price of butter and eggs at market, if we rise early, if we meet in the evening—in fact, how we live.

"Well, this is just what has been in my head, and now I will tell you everything, so that you may be, as it were, with us, and see the difference between Baraques and Paris. It will take me some time, for I have seen it now for fifteen months, and I have my own opinions about the people here! But never mind, my good Michel, you must listen to me, and I will try and fancy we are talking together behind the great stove at the Three Pigeons. In the first place, you must know we are living on the fifth floor of a house as high as the tower of Haut-Bar; and even above us a shoemaker's family is residing. The windows of their garret are in the roof, and they and their three children do nothing but run up and down stairs and make a noise all day. Every floor is inhabited in the same manner; one weaves, another sews, another scrapes a fiddle, another arranges people's affairs; he has a notice on his door, 'Master Jacques Richaud, usher to the Chatelet.'

"A dark and greasy staircase, like a corkscrew, goes from the top to the bottom of the house, and all these people live together without being acquainted with or

troubling themselves about one another, or even seeing or saluting each other. All houses in Paris are similar: down in the street are the shops and workshops; the warehouses display their different signs as far as the eye can reach—shoemakers, grocers, tinmen, fruiterers, &c.

"The streets are grey-looking and full of black mud, and the different vehicles, landaus, berlines, cuckoos, carriages, carts, trucks, &c., some square, some round, some long, some full of refuse, some with tall lackeys standing behind them, roll along from morning till night like a torrent, in the midst of the cries of a crowd of itinerant dealers, who look up to the windows for their customers; these are water-carriers, old clothes men, sellers of vegetables with their barrows, sellers of children's toys, and of everything it is possible to invent to earn money. Here everything is to be bought, and everything is cried; the newspaper boys with their parcels under their arms enter the houses and the cafés, stop you at the corner of the street, covered with many-coloured advertisements, and thrust their papers in your face.

"You hear a continual hum all over the city, from early morning and even before, till midnight or one or two in the morning. It begins again at three. If you listen carefully at night you will notice an interval of silence between two and three, unless it be some doctor's carriage passing, or the patrol, who have picked up some drunken man in your street. Yes, it is silent for a moment, but you must not imagine it is the cock which awakens you, or neighbour Rigaud's dog, as he does at Baraques; it is the peasants' carts going to the market close by; sometimes it is the braying of their asses, or the bells of their horses. All these people

come from two or three leagues round Paris, the men with their carts, the women riding their donkeys with baskets of vegetables, eggs, butter, and other provisions. It is still dark, and you can hear whips cracked and the hoarse voices of the men, and so it goes on increasing till the day's noise sets in.

"And now you have but a very small idea of the great animation there is in Paris—in this city, where more than seven hundred thousand persons of all sorts live, from the richest to the poorest, and every day nearly one hundred thousand more pour in from all parts of France, to fill their markets, their shops, and their cellars. This is the reason that famine here is so terrible. If this traffic stops but for a day or two, those who had but bread, a little wood, a little oil, and a little wine, have then nothing at all, and distress then becomes so great that at home our severest winters are nothing to it. The people overhead, men, women, and children, may be dying of cold and hunger without your knowing it. They make no complaint, for in this great city no one knows his neighbours, and the poorest are often the proudest.

"My good Michel, I do not like to tell you any more of these things. We know well what it is to be poor, to suffer, and to work, and it causes one too much pain to be unable to relieve the distressed.

"You see now what Paris is in the mass; you may walk for hours in every direction; it is the same thing repeated; the same grey houses, the same dirty streets, some wider and some narrower; the same rows of shops, the same vehicles, and the same itinerant dealers. You come upon some wider space occasionally, where there is a fountain, surrounded by women and water-carriers,

or some great building like that of Cardinal de Rohan at Saverne; or, maybe, a bridge, a market, or a theatre—all wear the same air of misery. In winter one is in mud up to the ankles, snow is continually melting, fog envelops everything, and sadness gains upon you even at the fireside. It is not here as with us at home, the lovely snow on the hedges and in the woods, the dazzling white light and the fresh cold which gives you strength to run about and take exercise, and to warm yourself by walking on the hard ground. Everything is fog; it clings to the window-panes, it gets under the skin, and daylight is so grey that it seems like twilight at midday. In summer we are choked by dust and bad smells.

"What I am now describing is the simple truth. Without the courage necessary to defend and support one's rights, no one could live in such a city—at least, I could not. My father attends to nothing but the decrees of the Assembly, to motions, speeches at the clubs, and articles in the gazettes. He cares no more for one house than he does for another, no more for snow than for rain or sunshine, and finds everything right if things go well at the Constituent Assembly, and at the Jacobin Club; therefore, since we have been at Paris, it is I who manage the household affairs, who pay everything, receive money, go to market, mend, send to the wash, keep accounts, and when I say anything to him about it, he says—

"'Very good—very good! I have not time to think of everything. Tell me about it by-and-by. We have a meeting this evening. I must see the papers. I have trial by jury to think about, or else the creation of assignats. Let me alone, Margaret!'

"And I can see by his face that I must say no more, for when things don't go according to his fancy in the Assembly, he gets angry, and might make himself ill about them. But on those days that they go smoothly he takes me to the theatre, or to the National Assembly in the galleries, or to the Jacobin Club. I am obliged to dress myself nicely, with my little muslin cap with the national cockade. He takes me on his arm, and introduces me to the patriots, saying—

"'This is my daughter.'

"I know them all—M. Danton, M. Camille Desmoulins, M. Fréron, M. Robespierre, M. Antoine (Metz)—all! But these things come later. I return to my household affairs; for Dame Catherine and Nicole they stand first, and I do not omit anything now I am about it.

"For lodging we have two small bedrooms, a small dining-room, and a kitchen, smaller still. The dining-room and my father's bedroom look on to the street; the kitchen and my room are at the back, looking into a yard into which I hardly dare look, even through the window, for I always fancy I could fall head first down into it; it is so grey, full of windows below, and as deep as a well.

"Well, how much do you think it costs us? Sixty livres a month—ten times more than we could get for our home at Baraques. I can see Dame Catherine and Nicole hold up their hands in astonishment. But so it is. If my father had not been a deputy we could have had lodgings in the roof for twenty or thirty francs, but a deputy of the Third Estate has to receive the visits of a crowd of people; he must be well lodged. It would not be fitting for him to save money out of what the nation pays him to represent it; it is not an employ-

ment; it is a duty entrusted to him by his electors, and which must not enrich him.

"Well, here are sixty livres to begin with; now you shall hear the rest.

"I get up at six in the morning, because my father leaves home at half-past eight for the National Assembly, and breakfast must be ready first. I dress myself, and taking my basket on my arm I go to the Marché des Innocents, at the end of our street. It is an ancient cemetery, encumbered with ruinous old huts, with a very pretty lofty fountain in the middle, and a few tombs around behind a railing. When the housekeepers arrive, between eight and nine, one can hear nothing, for then the country people have sold what they have brought; the retail dealers, who are called dames de la halle, come and occupy the huts they had let to them; the others must clear off directly, and sell whatever they may have very cheap; they elbow one another, and they cry out in a very different fashion to the cries at the great fair at Saverne.

"I always deal with an old grandmother who wears a quilted hood, and whose chin is furnished with a short grey beard—a good old woman who calls me 'the little patriot,' and who keeps a cabbage, a few carrots, and a turnip for my soup-kettle. You may suppose, Michel, I often want something more, either fish, or a fowl, eggs, or butter; and then I must go to the butcher. Ah, what that costs, and how careful one must be not to pay too much! For example, Chartres butter costs sixteen sous, Lonjumeau twenty-five sous, that from Gournay thirty sous four deniers, that of Isigny thirty-two sous, and all very much alike in appearance; but if one bought one for the other, one would be taken in.

"But from the first I became acquainted with all this, and I could tell you the price of everything—of cheese, which is sold here by the dozen, of eggs, which are also of different qualities, when they come from Mortagne, or from Picardy; of oil, bacon, soap—in fact, of everything.

"Meat is cheap this year—beef at fifteen sous five deniers; mutton at sixteen sous nine deniers; veal at sixteen sous five deniers; pork at fifteen sous two deniers.

"These details will interest Dame Catherine; there is a great difference between these and Barâque prices, I am sure.

"To give you a good idea how expensive living is, I need only tell you that wood, charcoal, and coal are sold by the pound. Auvergnats carry on this trade. These laborious people sell everything, even water, which they carry up to the fifth and sixth story, for two liards a pailful; for lighting fires they sell little faggots called 'cottrets,' at nineteen livres six sous eight deniers for two hundred and eight; but as two hundred and eight would fill the kitchen, I must pay two sous apiece for them. Then, again, there are two sorts of 'cottrets,' and if I am not careful these Auvergnats who are called the most honest people in the world, would sell me one instead of the other.

"This is not all: without mentioning milk, which is here called cream, and thin broth, which they call 'consommé,' when kitchen cares are over, then there are candles, sugar, pepper, and salt to buy; after the market and the butcher there is the grocer to pay, and then the washerwoman, shoemaker, tailor, and no end; it is always buy! buy! three-fourths of the allowance

we receive is devoted to this, and the remainder my father spends in books, gazettes, and in subscriptions for unfortunate patriots, down to the last liard.

"Everything is going on well; notwithstanding the deputies of the National Assembly who sold themselves to the court, the people will have their rights; and we may say they will have earned them well. But if the true representatives of the nation, the honest men of the Assembly, and the patriots, had allowed these venal members to do as they wished, they would have put the collar on us again; we should have had to work and suffer for them as before the convocation of the States-General. Happily the clubs put a stop to it; the first of all is the Club Berton, which has its sittings near us at the Jacobin convent. My father goes there every evening; the best patriots meet there in an empty library since the emigration of the Jacobins. It is, in conjunction with the Cordeliers' Club, at the Cour de Commerce, on the other side of the water, the best in Paris.

"At first only representatives went there, but for months past many patriots, not members of the Assembly, go there; and every day they are more and more talked about. MM. Danton, Legendre, Fréron, Petion, Brissot, Camille Desmoulins are at home there. When the nobles give too much trouble, when they call to one another at the Assembly and say, 'Viscount so and so, let us go; are you not tired of hearing these tirades?' or 'Why do you not hold your tongues, you brawlers? this rabble wants a few sword-cuts among them!' as they are in the habit of doing, then the Jacobins and Cordeliers meet the following day; the tocsin is rung everywhere; patriots and market-people,

men and women, go to the National Assembly, with kettles and saucepans, and whatever will make a noise, and say, 'A la lanterne! à la lanterne! les aristocrates, ça ira!' then the others tremble and hide themselves. Maître Jean and Letumier would laugh to see this downfall; that is what is called a manifestation. M. Lafayette mounts his white horse, he assembles the National Guard, he makes a speech, he bustles about with M. Bailly, the mayor of the city. But the next day every one laughs and says, 'The aristocrats were frightened; they will be more sensible for a fortnight; after that they will begin again, and so will we.'

"Lafayette is still here, causing his drums to beat, saluting the king and queen, and talks to the nation, but sometimes he tries to put some of the patriots in prison, and if it was not for the women who side with the revolution and forbid their husbands to listen to him, he would have struck us some fatal blows.

"I relate all this to you, Michel, because at Baraques you could not understand all these exciting moments. At home it is only a question of the militia and the taxes; but if the Parisians did not hold their own against these counts, marquises, and bishops, the revolution would be stopped in France, frittered away by a few nobles. Marat, the friend of the people, is very great at finding out their plots; he denounces every one—the king, the queen, the princes, the clergy, the nobility, the former parliament, the municipality, the Chatelet, the districts, the staff of the paid guard, and M. Mottié, its general, as he says—attorneys, finance agents, stock-jobbers, robbers, the leeches of the state, and the numerous army of enemies of the public good.

"Sometimes he goes rather far, and my father says

that it is too much, for there must be some good men among our enemies—people badly brought up, who deceive themselves, because from infancy upwards they have been taught to believe themselves of more importance than other men, that they are of a different race, and thus folly has inspired them by degrees, and they are really sincere in their belief of things contrary to nature. He says many ambitious men among us—false patriots—ask only to become great, deny their own fathers, and cover themselves with decorations, obtain pensions without earning them, treat their fellow-creatures like servants, and would sell themselves to the first comer if they were worth buying! That they are wrong to flatter the populace and tell them they possess every virtue, for it is not true; that there exist many rogues among them and among the citizens, and that probably in the end, when the victory has been won, we shall see miserable adventurers become as proud and insolent as the old nobility, and so much the worse, as they will be avaricious, ignorant, and brutal, and it will be remembered that they denied their own blood relations to climb into others' seats, and cause men, by their arrogance, to forget that their mother was a milkwoman and their father a stableman. Let us hope we may not see such horrors, Michel, for it would be a shame and disgrace to human nature. My father often has his angry moments—the example of the Maurys has raised his indignation; but he soon grows calm, and always finishes by saying—'All this is of no consequence; the great thing is to establish good laws for the repression of wrong-doers, whether they belong to the populace, the citizens, or the nobility, and prevent their setting themselves above honest

people, becoming their masters, or putting their feet on their necks, in order to live at their expense. The great object now is to have such men as Robespierre, Danton, Grégoire, Desmoulins, &c., to enlighten the nation, and let it see that our union is our salvation. These men will save France at the next elections; they will drive these venal members from their seats, and in a few months from this time no one will talk of any but of them. Others may employ calumny and abuse to injure them, but truth will carry the day at last; and when the people suffer, they will acknowledge their mistakes, and put the rascals in their proper place.' Of course, Michel, while the curé Jacques lived with us, the patriots of the Jacobin Club never came to see us; my father could not have asked them, for on many questions they must have fallen out; but since then they come occasionally to consult my father about steps to be taken at their meetings, and you would hardly credit how simple and natural these people are. Intriguers are as deceitful and ready to give themselves airs of importance as these others to show themselves open, and to put you directly at your ease.

"At the fête of the Federation, Wednesday, 14th July, M. Danton, who marched as National Guard with his section, obtained a good place for me near the altar of the country; he came to fetch me himself to the procession, and led me up to his young wife, saying to us, 'Sit down and talk; you will be very well together.' She is a very handsome woman. We talked together like old friends. She seemed very happy in spite of the rain, which came down in torrents; and when M. Danton came in a carriage to fetch her, she shook hands with me and made me promise to visit her. M. Camille

Desmoulins, who met my father in the Champ de Mars, got into our carriage; he abused the king, who had taken advantage of the rain to remain in his pavilion, instead of taking the oath on the country's altar, as was his duty; but when he heard shouts of 'Vive la nation!' rising to the sky, he laughed, and said, 'All the same, Chauvel, the people are on our side; all hearts beat as one for country, justice, and liberty!' His eyes shone, and I was so affected I was ready to cry. Every band which passed shouted, waved branches of poplar, raised their hats and caps with cockades in them; there was no end to it, and thousands of church bells all were ringing at once.

"The sun came out.

"We left the carriage about five, in front of the Tuileries, where the king is residing. M. Camille Desmoulins took me on his arm to take some refreshment at the Café Hollot at the foot of the terrace of the Feuillants. Many patriots and National Guards, with their wives and children, were laughing and enjoying themselves there. M. Desmoulins, before going to publish his journal, came to take leave of and thank us. You see, Michel, how kind and far from proud these people are. With us the lowest gamekeeper looks at one with scorn, and thinks it would degrade him to be civil.

"It is very pitiable, but all those who are nothing of themselves and only something by the position they occupy, observe the same line of conduct. In Paris, as in the smallest village, they are to be recognised by the airs of importance which they assume.

"It is true we were acquainted with Camille Desmoulins* ever since we arrived here; my father, who

* Guillotined 1794.

considers him one of our most sincere patriots, had distributed his journal all over the Assembly, and in return he had sent us tickets of admission to the Theatre of the Nation, to that of Madlle. Montansier in the Palais-Royal, and the comedians of Beaujolais. I was glad when I heard the *Siège de Calais* or the *Chêne Patriotique*. The loud cries of the actors, who went backwards and forwards lifting up their hands and groaning, touched my heart; I was also very much pleased to see acted *Esope à la Foire;* or, the *Deux Fermiers*, at the Palais-Royal. These peasants, dressed in silk, and the shepherdesses, with little red shoes, delighted me. But I have changed greatly since then, for my father, who was uneasy at losing his time, and who yawned continually while he looked at these things, said to me one evening—

"'Look, Margaret, this is all his majesty the king knows about peasants; it is here he has seen them, fat, in good health, well dressed, well fed; and the soldiers all prefer the king's glory to their own cottage. He ought to be astonished when we talk about famine; and the Parisians ought to be indignant also when they hear we are discontented, for we have abundance of everything. Our granaries are full of corn, barley, and oats; our dairies are full of milk and cheese, and our cellars of good wine. We go and dance every day on the grass by the river side with our shepherdesses; and from time to time some young prince or seigneur runs off with a young girl, and finishes by marrying her. I never could have believed we were so happy! And if we judge their kings, their seigneurs, and great people from these specimens of their peasants, what they are made to say is about as true as what the girl

who looks after the geese sings, who thinks she will be a queen, and who, of course, will be one before the piece is over. The soldiers, in the siege of Calais, joking in the midst of mud, without getting their rations, are as real as the rest; and the meeting on Parnassus, where we hear gods with crowns of gilt paper argue like idiots—I put all this in the same basket; they talk of everything else as they talk of our villages; they know as much about kings or Apollo as they do about us. It is very agreeable to look at such scenes and to instruct oneself in this fashion.'

"I saw the justice of his observations, and since then I prefer to remain at home mending clothes and darning my stockings than to go and see things which are contrary to common sense.

"But now, my good Michel, I am nearly at the end of my paper, and I must not forget one circumstance which will surely please you and all Baraque patriots. When your last letter reached us the affair at Nancy was under discussion, and they did not know what to think of the praise lavished by M. de Lafayette on his cousin De Bouillé: the National Assembly praised him to the skies, and the king asked the citizen guards to pass a vote of thanks to him. When my father had read your letter he was very much pleased. 'This is the truth,' said he; 'Michel is a good lad; he tells us distinctly what he saw; there is no acting here; it is not *Esope à la Foire*, it is good sense which speaks. Michel improves every day; he reads Diderot and profits by him. So much the better!'

"I was so glad to hear him say that! He folded the letter up and put it in his pocket, saying—

"'Deputy Regnault of Luneville spoke yesterday at

the club; he complained that the National Guards of the Meurthe had not been thanked for their devotion, and that an inquiry was to be made first, before deciding. Well, I shall read this to them, and we shall see what Regnault will say to it.'

"I had been several times to the club without being much amused; but when my father said he would read your letter to the patriots, I directly asked to go with him.

"'Very well,' said he, 'make haste and get ready, for I don't wish to be late.'

"He had just finished supper. I had only time to wash the plates, put on my printed cotton dress with the bouquets of flowers on it, and my cap. He called out, 'Margaret, we must go!' I took his arm, and we set out about half-past seven.

"The Breton (Jacobin) Club is not far from us, no more than a two minutes' walk. The door of the old cloister, with its tricolour flag hanging over it, and the two poplar-trees in the court, opens into the Rue Saint Honoré. The part of the building belonging to the club is on the right as you enter this court; the door is always open, except when it rains, and those who come late remain and listen outside, notwithstanding the noise of the carriages.

"When we arrived the seats were nearly all occupied. M. Robespierre,* the president, a pale, thin young man, in a sky-blue coat with a large collar, white waistcoat and cravat, was ringing to announce the opening of the sitting. I went under the arcades, where the women sit above the hall, and I saw MM. Prieur and Danton,† who followed us in, shake hands with my father before

* Guillotined 1794. † Guillotined 1794.

sitting down. The old registrar, Lafontaine, was reading the report of the sitting of the previous evening; when he had finished, my father rose in his place, and said—

"'I have a reply to make to the complaint of Deputy Regnault of Luneville, who claims thanks for M. Bouillé, and for the National Guard of the Meurthe who marched under his command. I desire to read a letter written to me on the subject by a National Guard of my bailiwick—a man on whom I can rely as on myself, and who was present at the battle.'

"'You are allowed to speak,' said the president.

"This is the manner it is always done in Paris; thus, instead of three or four speaking together, each as loud as possible, in the hope of silencing the others, each member speaks in his turn, and every one is satisfied.

"My father then began to read your letter amidst a profound silence, and I need not tell you how my heart was beating. He began at the place where you first heard the cannon on the road before reaching Saint-Nicolas, and read on to your meeting the hussars who were cutting down the fugitives. His voice, clear and distinct, penetrated every part. You could never figure to yourself the indignation of these people on hearing that the patriot National Guard had been sent away before the attack, to allow the Germans to plunder and massacre at their leisure; no, they rose on all sides, in the galleries and on the benches, and nothing was audible but a great din, while M. Robespierre rang his bell with all his might; it lasted more than ten minutes. At last, however, they sat down, and my father continued to read your letter; but he could not finish, for

the moment where you relate the horrors you saw at the Porte Neuve, indignation broke out again so furiously that he stopped of his own accord, and cried out, as pale as death, 'Need I go on? You know now the state of things at Nancy; now you see if the National Guards of Lorraine claim any share in the glory of Bouillé; you see if the patriots from among us wished to dip their hands in their brothers' blood! I knew it, I was sure of it; all lament these misfortunes; let us put this cup from our lips, and let Bouillé and his Germans empty it; it makes our stomachs rise.'

"Then he sat down amidst a storm of cries, in which the grand voice of Danton could alone make itself audible; he thanked my father for having enlightened the club with respect to this frightful massacre; he said the patriotic provinces of the east are incapable of aiding the manœuvres of foreigners, and that calumny could not reach them.

"And you must know, Michel, in spite of the approbation of the National Assembly, in spite of the intrigues of Bailly* and Lafayette, and all the royalist journals, twenty-eight battalions of the citizen guard have refused to vote the thanks which the king demanded for Bouillé, and that of Val-de-Grâce protested against them, saying—

"'Far from being a hero animated by a feeling of patriotism, Bouillé can only be a man greedy of blood and slaughter, and that victory, after an impartial examination, ought rather to result for him in punishment than in praise.'

"You will be glad to have this good news. But I

* Guillotined 1793.

am at the end of my paper, and I had many more things to tell you—about the death of Lôustalot, and the praise which has been bestowed on his courage and devotion. You would have been touched; but I have no more space. I must conclude. Soon, next year, I hope, we shall talk about all this, sitting quietly by Maître Jean's fire. By that time the constitution will be made and the rights of men won. How happy we shall be! But we must have patience yet. In the meantime you must take care of our garden, Michel; when I think of it I can smell the scent of the fruit-trees in my room in autumn—the pears and the pippins! I can see them on the floor. My consolation is that you go there every evening and take little Etienne with you. You enjoy yourself—so much the better; I am very glad of it.

"And now I have done. Adieu, all—adieu. I embrace all. Tell our good friends at Baraques, who wanted to send anything in the basket, that we feel it the same as if we had received their presents, and we thank them a thousand times. Adieu, Maître Jean, Dame Catherine, Nicole, Michel—adieu!

"MARGARET CHAUVEL.

"*Paris, September*, 24, 1790."

IV.

MARGARET'S letter did much good in our country. I remember to have read it more than a hundred times, not only to the Baraquins, but also to carriers, grain-dealers, and all the strangers who stopped at the Three Pigeons, who, after wishing us good day, and asking for a pint of wine, would begin with—

"So, Maître Jean, we hear you have had news from Paris. We should not be sorry to hear what is going on there."

Then Maître Jean would say—

"Michel, go and fetch the letter."

I took the letter out of the closet, and read it from one end to the other, in the middle of a circle of listeners with their baskets on their backs or their whips on their shoulders. They wondered; they had what they could not understand explained to them.

Maître Jean would discourse at length on every head respecting the clubs, markets, and even the theatres, which he had never seen, but fancied to himself by the help of his natural good sense.

At last, after much astonishment, every one went about his business, crying out—

"Well, the patriots must hold firm at Paris and keep the upper hand—that is the chief thing!"

People required encouragement just then, for it was

a time when the nobles, the ancient justiciaries, and the bishops, who could no longer find support for their injustice at the National Assembly, as the deputies of the Third Estate had distinctly shown they were wrong to expect to live at the expense of the nation, were meditating again becoming our masters by force. They did not intend fighting themselves; it was too dangerous; they wanted us to fight among ourselves, and if that was not sufficient to call in the Germans to help them. The nobles had already struck the first blow at Nancy by opposing the National Guard to the troops; but now the bishops were about to strike a second—much more dangerous—by opposing religiously-disposed persons, anxious for eternal life, to the patriots, who were fond of the good things of this world. After regaining the good things of the earth, the religiously-inclined were to hand them over to the bishops, and be satisfied with their blessing. This is the bottom of the whole story; you will see that for yourselves.

About the end of November, 1790, some days before the first snow fell, people were very much surprised to see persons about the country who had been supposed to have emigrated—Father Gaspard of Phalsbourg, the great doctor of theology, Rôos, and several others who had been said to be at Treves for six months. At the same time curés appointed by the seigneurs and bishops came and went on all the roads; they had meetings at Neuviller, Henridorff, Saverne, &c. What could that mean? Something was in agitation—no one knew what; but the patriots, especially the buyers of Church property, were very uneasy; they used to observe—

"These people are returning from emigrating; it is very dangerous."

Suddenly the news was published by the gazettes that after a great struggle in the National Assembly, our deputies had just resolved that the priests should swear fidelity to the constitution.

Thus it is how things came to this point. The bishops, who no longer dared to protest against the sale of ecclesiastical property, because it would have clearly shown that they only hankered after this world's wealth, had changed their attack by demanding that their holy apostolic Roman Catholic religion should be declared to be the religion of France, which meant to say we had two kings: that of the body at Paris—that of the soul at Rome. But the Assembly rejected it, saying, "That the soul had no other king but God, who sees everything and knows everything, and wants no one to rule souls in His place." Then these wretches became so insolent, that, in order to bring them to their senses, our deputies had decreed that the bishops and curés should be appointed by the nation as at the time of the first Apostles.

The bishops were naturally still more indignant. The Cardinal de Rohan, the Archbishop of Treves, and many other Church dignitaries had protested against the decree, by continuing to appoint their curés; and so it was that Father Gaspard of Phalsbourg, Father Barnabé of Hagenau, Father Janvier of Molsheim, Father Tibell of Schlestadt, the Doctor Rôos, the Archpriest Holzer of Andelau, Meuret the rector of Benfeld—in fact, about a hundred monks had returned from Treves, Coblentz, and Constance, and such an inundation of pamphlets had begun again, that one would think the *Apocalypse*, the *Lanterne*, *Magazin Nationale*, the *Passions de Louis XVI*, *Réflexions de Monsieur Burke sur la Révo-*

lution Française, all these books fell from trees like leaves in autumn. These villainous little books told us to refuse to pay taxes; that we were ruled by Jews and Protestants; that it was better to obey one foolish king than twelve hundred banditti; that the rights of man were an absolute absurdity; that assignats would fall to two liards—in fact, everything it was possible to invent to alarm the country.

At the same time massacres began again in the south, so that the National Assembly, seeing that France ran a risk of being completely demoralised if they did not take fresh steps, had decreed that curés and bishops should take an oath of fidelity to the constitution, expecting in this manner to force them to do their duty instead of endeavouring to light up a civil war in the country. You should then have heard the women cry out; you would then have seen how far we are behindhand in our villages. I think I see Father Benedict arrive in the morning at Baraques with his donkey, groaning as if he had lost everything, and crying out—

"Yes, now we see into what an abyss we have fallen. They have taken everything from us; they have robbed us of our property, the property of the poor, entrusted ages ago to the hands of our holy Church! We have borne with everything; we have uttered no complaints; we have only crossed ourselves; but now they want our souls—our souls!"

And he sobbed and repeated—

"Our souls!"

Dame Catherine, Mother Letumier, all the women came with uplifted hands and groaned in concert to console him. The same day the great doctor of theology, Father Janvier, and other capucins came to

Baraques, making the same grimaces. Valentine was in despair; he cried out that the king would never sanction the oath, and a legion of angels would come down from heaven to prevent wicked priests from taking it. All the neighbouring villages, Mittelbronn, Quatre-Vents, Biechelberg, thought as he did, without knowing why, but merely because the capucins had said so.

Maître Jean himself seemed discouraged; his fat cheeks became flabby; one day, after dinner, as Dame Catherine went out with her apron to her eyes, he looked at me, very pale, and said—

"Well, Michel, what do you think of all this?"

And I answered—

"All this, Maître Jean, is only to frighten the present holders of Church property. The monks are not real priests. While our poor village curés are fulfilling the duties of their religion; while they are crossing the mountain winter and summer, in rain and in sunshine, to console poor creatures abandoned and sacrificed, robbed and plundered, by the avarice of their seigneurs—they who had only the small tithes on wheat, and which are worth next to nothing in our country, where rye is grown—these slothful monks lived in luxury; they offered a disgraceful spectacle by their drunkenness, their idleness, and their immoral conduct; they revelled in the good things of this world! And now that, in consequence of the sale of this property, the poorest vicar has seven hundred livres, and the humblest curé twelve hundred, they would be silly indeed to sacrifice themselves for these monks, who used to look down on tem, or for these bishops, who treated them with contempt, and called them 'the parsons,' and who, when by chance one of them became a bishop, called it 'a

lacquey's bishopric.' I am sure those curés who have any courage and good s[illegible] will take the oath; and if several refuse it will be through dread of these haughty beings, who pardon nothing, and not for conscience' sake, or because they believe they owe their country less than these selfish men do."

Maître Jean heard me with pleasure, and putting his hand on my shoulder, said—

"Michel, what you say is true. Unhappily, the country people, and their women especially, are brought up in ignorance; all we can do is to join the patriots and to wait, and defend the constitution when it is attacked by the priests."

At that moment Dame Catherine entered, and he continued, addressing himself to her—

"Listen, Catherine, you annoy me by wearing such a look of despair. I will go and restore to the Tiercelin fathers my land at Pickeholtz, for which I paid ready money. We shall then be ruined, Father Benedict and the other rascals will laugh, and you will see whether the Tiercelins, bishops, seigneurs, or the king himself will return me my money, which has gone to pay the debts they contracted without us and in spite of us."

He was very angry, and his wife hurried off into the kitchen to avoid having to answer him.

What occurred at the Three Pigeons occurred in every family; there was trouble everywhere; even before going home to our hut, I knew beforehand that my mother would attack me about the oath, as if it was any business of mine. I was not deceived. She sided with those who had reduced us to distress. That same evening she prophesied I should be eternally damned, because I would not acknowledge the National Assem-

bly was a collection of Jews and heretics, united to overthrow the religion of [redacted] Lord. She heaped reproaches upon me, to which I made no reply; for a long time I had given way to my mother, even when unjustly angry with me. As to my father, he dared not raise his voice, and I pitied him with all my heart.

These things went on thus for three or four days; the Assembly had passed a decree that "The oath of the bishops, ci-devant archbishops, and curés, to be faithful to the nation, the law, and the king, to watch carefully over the faithful of their districts and parishes, and to support the constitution to the best of their ability," should be taken within a week after the publication of this decree, on Sunday, after mass—that is to say, by the bishops, ci-devant archbishops, vicars, superiors, and directors of schools, in the cathedral church; and by curés, their vicars, and all other ecclesiastics, in their parish church, in the presence of the general council of the commune, and of the faithful. That they should announce their intention to take this oath two days previously, to the municipality of their district, and that those who shall not have taken it within the appointed time shall be considered to have vacated their preferment, and that they should be replaced by election, according to the new constitution decreed July 12th.

We waited, therefore, until Sunday, to see what curés would take the oath; and up to that time the monks were caballing, all orders and congregations re-appeared, and confusion became greater than ever; but at the same time, as we understood very well that the bishops and nobles were playing their last stakes, and that if they won they would regain all their

property and privileges, so citizens, workmen, soldiers and peasants all held together—I mean those who made it a point of honour to obey the laws of their country, and who set France above everything else, at the same time with justice and liberty.

Maître Jean had proposed to me to go to Lutzelbour with him, to see his friend Christopher, who up to that time had been of the same opinion as ourselves respecting the lazy monks. As it was said that not a curé in the country would swear, we were in doubt as to what he would do; but this wise and good-hearted man looked at things plainly—his duty was no trouble to him; and Thursday evening, January 23rd, 1791, when at work in the forge, and much snow was falling, M. Christopher, with his large umbrella, his cocked hat, and old cassock, suddenly leant in at the little door, and cried—

"Good day, Jean; what snow! if it lasts it will be two feet deep to-morrow."

"Ha! it is Christopher," said Maître Jean, laying down his hammer. "Go to the inn."

"No! it will soon be night. I have just been to town to make my declaration, and I would not pass without telling you that the oath will be taken on Sunday after mass. If you and Michel can come I shall be glad to see you."

"So you take the oath?"

"Yes, next Sunday; but old Steffen is waiting for me. We will talk that over by-and-by."

Maître Jean and he went out together, and I turned round to Valentine, whose face had suddenly lengthened, and who was dreaming, with his round eyes and his mouth wide open, as if he was dumbfoundered. I was

pleased. I looked at Maître Jean, the curé, and old Mother Steffen standing together outside, talking quietly together in the midst of the great snowflakes which were falling. They shook hands. M. Christopher, before going any further with old Steffen under his umbrella, cried out—

"You must come, Michel—I reckon on you."

He then set off, and Maître Jean came in again quite pleased.

"Who could have spread the report that the curés would refuse to take the oath?" said he. "I was sure that sensible men, who, thank God, are not wanting in France, would agree with us, and not with the obstinate fools clinging to their old ideas about convents and abbeys, rights of the seigneurs, grandeur of the nobles, and meanness of the people, as if we were not all descendants of Adam and Eve, and as if we were not all noble—ha! ha! ha!"

Maître Jean, when in the humour, spared no one; he went so far as to call people rascals and vagabonds who did not agree with him; that gave me great pain, for the sake of our old journeyman, who never answered, but was dull and silent for days together. I felt that could not last long, that Maître Jean was wrong, and that Valentine, who was not without courage, would one day lose his patience and give him an answer in earnest.

Fortunately, that day Nicole came just in time to call us to supper. We put on our jackets and parted as usual. The next day we heard that M. Ott, the curé of Phalsbourg, had not made his declaration at the municipality, nor his vicar, M. Hurimel; but the chaplain of the La Fère regiment, M. Joseph-Hector,

had made his. We talked about it a great deal; it was the great affair of the moment; and on Sunday Maître Jean, I, Letumier, Cochart, not to mention many other patriots of the town and of Baraques, walked down to Lutzelbourg.

The rain had ceased to fall, the little white church was full of people from the mountain who had come to see the ceremony; some ill-disposed persons were expected; but it would have required very great persuasion to raise the people against M. Christopher, who was loved and respected by all the country; and then his brother Materne, and some other red-haired giants belonging to his family, had come down from Dagsbourg; they filled the chancel; and if you only looked at their long backs and wide shoulders and hooked noses while singing in the choir, one would not have had any wish to make a disturbance, for they could have put you outside the door without making the least noise, where you would have had blows enough.

Everything went off quietly; the curé performed his mass, and after the office he stepped forward to the chancel steps, opposite the audience, and in a distinct tone, which could be heard at a distance, he said, as he raised his hand—

"I swear to watch with care over the faithful whose direction is entrusted to me. I swear to be true to the nation, the law, and the king. I swear to maintain the French constitution to the best of my ability, and especially the decree relating to the civil constitution of the clergy."

Some moments afterwards the crowd went away; the curé was still in the sacristy. Maître Jean and I, Materne and his relations, waited for him in the

church. Outside everything was quiet; the people went home.

At last the curé came, and took us all to the parsonage; while walking there Maître Jean observed, laughing—

"Well, everything has gone off quietly; the capucins' cries have not been of much service."

M. Christopher was thoughtful.

"Danger may come," said he, "but if we fulfil our duties, the rest is no business of ours."

Once in his little room where the round table was ready, he said the "benedicite;" we sat down and ate silently our soup and a dish of winter cabbage and bacon, with walnuts and cheese for dessert.

The curé's mother had her eyes red; she waited on us without speaking, which made us sad also. Towards the end of dinner she left the room, and M. Christopher said—

"See now, here is the beginning of our troubles; what happens here now will soon happen in all families! The poor woman is in tears; the capucins have more authority over her than I; she believes I am damned; what can I say to her? what can I do?"

"Bah," answered Maître Jean, much moved; "my wife, too, is in despair, but that will be over in time; the rascals will be sent away, and good sense will prevail everywhere."

Then the curé Christopher made the following observations, which have never left my memory:—

"It is not so easy a thing as you believe, Jean," said he, "for our seigneurs, the nobly-born bishops, would rather see the ruin of all than lose their estates and their privileges; and for that reason have they forbid-

den us to swear fidelity to this constitution, which deprives them of what they valued more than their religion. Is the constitution contrary to the Holy Gospels? No. They know it well. It is in accordance with our faith; seventeen hundred years ago the rights of man were inculcated by Our Lord—He who said—'Love one another, for you are brothers'—He who said—'Sell your goods and follow me, and give the money to the poor.' But they, far from selling their goods, always were heaping up more; they, far from advocating equality among men, only thought of obtaining new honours, new privileges, and new distinctions; they, far from desiring that God's will should be done on earth as it is in heaven, took pleasure in gratifying their pride and their avarice, and in degrading their fellow-creatures. This constitution, which is in harmony with the Gospel, exasperates them. How could they endure that curés and bishops should be appointed by the nation, which only knows of their virtues, and would set the humblest and lowest pastors over them, as was done in the times of the holy martyrs? They would much prefer to be named by the Pompadours, Dubarrys, and similar wretched women, who only look for good breeding, bows, and obeisances, great names, and pleasant conversation, which a poor country curé can never acquire. Hence we have the De Rohans, the Dubois', and all those beings who are the everlasting disgrace of our religion. Would the people have chosen them? No, they would have cast them aside like refuse, for every honest man when he saw them covered his face. Well, when the constitution declares that licentious men like these shall have no future share in those favours, that the poor people shall act in everything

according to their requirements, they feel their reign is over, their time is gone; if this good law acquires strength, and if the poor despised curés remain at the head of their flocks, if they preach peace, order, and submission to the laws made by the deputies of the nation, as is their duty, this good constitution will gather strength. The curés will be strong, honoured, and respected; they will make the Gospel law. If bad men come forward to cause troubles in the country, they will be the first to devote themselves, and to give an example of courage against the spirit of evil; and the glorious revolution announced by our Saviour shall be peaceably and eternally accomplished. This is what they will not have! They seek disturbance, they seek to excite war among us; and while brothers are fighting against brothers, whilst all is disunion and ruin, then they will arrive from Coblentz, Worms, and elsewhere, at the head of Prussians, Russians, and Austrians, to bring us again under the yoke, and re-establish their privileges on the ruins of the Gospel and of the rights of man! Such is their wish; they call that "policy." Had our Saviour Jesus Christ any policy? If He had, would He have allowed Himself to be crucified for the salvation of the wretched? Would not He, the descendant of David, have sided with kings against peoples? Would He not have listened to the demon of pride on the top of the mountain when he said, "See this country, these villages, these rivers and mountains—all is thine if Thou wilt fall down and worship me?" Do you not believe the De Rohans and others would have speedily prostrated themselves with their faces to the ground? But our Saviour had no policy, and I, a poor country curé, I listen to Him, I take Him as an example,

and not our bishops in their pride, who live like pagans. Yes, I will always obey the Gospel, and never will I make a compact with the stranger."

He was silent an instant, and very pale; his brother, the tall Materne de la Houpe, stretched out his hand and said—

"You are right, Christopher; we will always be with our Lord Jesus Christ against this Cardinal de Rohan. I have seen him—with his concubine—another's wife. What an abomination!"

All the mountaineers crossed themselves, while I shivered inwardly, and Maître Jean cried—

"Yes, we have seen scandals enough. If there is still any religion in the people, it is not the fault of these men; and if they think after all that their commands will be to us as the words of the Gospel, they deceive themselves."

"Doubtless," said the curé Christopher, "they have lost our respect; but I warn you, they will soon calumniate the poor curés who have submitted to the laws of their country in taking the oath; they will point at them as renegades. We shall have much to endure; but should all abandon me, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, my friends, and the whole world, let my conscience only be easy, and let me walk with my God, the rest is nothing! All I hope is that these men, with their policy of dissension and civil war, may not cause the destruction of our king, of our unhappy queen, and of all who surround them. Once let the people break loose, and the inundation will exceed anything one can imagine beforehand; and should blood be shed, it will be their fault; for in forbidding the curés to swear they have made the nation suspect them; they

remove them from their flock, they accustom honest souls to look on religion as the enemy, the worst to be dreaded, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, of all those great Christian principles proclaimed by the new constitution. God knows what may happen through such troubles!"

So spoke this good man. Two years later, when I saw the carts of the guillotine pass full of women and old men, priests, citizens, workmen, and peasants, how many times have I cried to myself—

"See the policy of the bishops and nobles going by!"

The Count d'Artois, the Cardinal de Rohan, and their friends were then on the other side of the Rhine, and our seigneurs and bishops were explaining the Apocalypse at Constance; they looked on from afar off, but did not venture into La Vendée or the south, where refractory priests marched boldly at the head of the revolted peasantry! They must have thought, "What fools these men are to go to slaughter for the sake of such as we!" And true it was. The poor peasants of the west might have put on their colours, "Slavery, ignorance, and misery," for it was in defence of such that they were fighting.

Two or three times the Count d'Artois announced his intention to put himself at the head of the Vendeans; he came near sometimes, on board an English vessel; but when the peasants rose and all was in a blaze, and he could hear the cannon of the republicans, this brave prince soon disappeared and left those poor devils to fight by themselves for his divine right. You will see that later. There never was a greater coward in the world.

All that remains for me to tell you about that day is

that we discussed the oath and the affairs of the nation with M. Christopher till nearly two, and then those who belonged to La Houpe, having a long walk before them, took their sticks, in order to reach home before night; we shook hands and went our different ways, while M. Christopher went to say vespers. It was frightfully cold on the hill-side. Maître Jean said to me as he stepped out—

"All goes well; the capucins have missed their blow; my land at Pickeholtz has increased in value since yesterday."

While I was thinking over the discourse of the curé, what he had said about the policy of the noble-born bishops and émigrés made me reflect; I did not see the picture in such very brilliant colours.

V.

About this time great changes took place at the forge which I must relate to you in detail, for they were the cause of the happiness of my life, although I was very much grieved in consequence of them during the first few days.

You must know that Valentine took his meals with our neighbours the Rigauds; he liked being with these old people, who continually called him M. Valentine; his ideas on the difference of rank rendered these little attentions very pleasing to him. Every evening he sat in the arm-chair of the house, opposite a good omelette au lard, or a plate of meat, his pint of wine on his right, a water-bottle on his left, his feet in his slippers, while the two old people at the bottom of the table peeled their potatoes and ate their curds and whey. He thought that was very natural; he was senior journeyman blacksmith, and no doubt said to himself—

"I am in a different position to these Rigauds, that is why I have choice morsels to eat, while they can only smell them."

Each time they baked at the Rigauds', every fortnight or three weeks, he had two or three good cakes put in the oven, and invited me to feast on them with him. He then uncorked a bottle of small grey Lorraine wine, which he kept in the cellar for himself; the

idea of offering a glass of it to Father Rigaud never came into his head! I was annoyed at it, the more so that the old people looked at us with curious eyes; but I did not dare make any observation to Valentine; he would have been indignant to see that I could forget our position, and perhaps he would not have invited me any more. Sometimes he told me to bring my brother Etienne with me, whose little nose anticipated the smell of cakes, and whose excellent appetite made us laugh. Valentine was very fond of him, and every Sunday after vespers would tell him his secrets for bringing up, feeding, and catching birds; for he loved birds either to eat, such as thrushes and blackbirds, or to hear them sing, such as warblers and nightingales; that was his delight. At the end of July his room on the first floor at the Rigauds' was full of birds which he had caught in the woods, and his windows were covered with dirt; he had hundreds of all sorts. Those which sing and feed themselves on worms and flies, like nightingales and linnets, he let fly towards winter-time, and he kept those which lived on seeds—you could hardly cross the passage to his little room above, it was so full of dried poppy-heads, hemp and millet seed, hanging up in strings, and which he cultivated himself in a little plot of ground behind the hut, to feed them.

That was how he lived. In the winter, while snow was on the ground, he prepared his snares, his springes and traps, and talked of nothing else but the passage of the fieldfares, the arrival of the blackbirds, and how many he hoped to take that year.

Before the revolution he never talked of anything else to me, and always with pleasure; but since the States-General he had been out of humour and cross.

Every evening we were together, talking while he was getting ready for bird-catching, he did nothing but complain of Maître Jean's pride and folly; he would shrug his shoulders, and say—

"That man does nothing but talk nonsense; he sees nothing but sabot-makers become colonels, woodcutters princes, and Maître Jeans deputies. Nothing is too great for a patriot like himself; he already thinks he has possession of the forests of Mgrs. the cardinal bishops, and has paid for them in assignats; neither excommunication, nor the king's numerous armies, nor the assistance of Christendom can make him feel the least uneasy!"

He laughed bitterly, and even at the forge, instead of remaining silent, he would throw out very pointed and spiteful remarks about the National Assembly, the citizen guard, and all those who sided with the nation. It was a great annoyance for Maître Jean to be compelled to listen to him, and to have a journeyman who was an obstacle to his abusing bishops and nobles as much as he liked. He restrained himself as much as he could; but on days when we had bad news he would blow out his cheeks, and after a pause cry out—"Oh, the rascals! ah, the canaille!" without saying who.

Valentine understood very well that he referred to the seigneurs, and possibly to the bishops, and answered him, also without saying who—

"You are right, there is no want of rascals of all sorts in the world, nor of canaille either."

Then Maître Jean would take a side-look at him, and say—

"Nor fools either."

And Valentine would answer—

"I believe you; especially those who think themselves clever; they are the worst."

And so it went on. I often saw Maître Jean grow red and Valentine pale with anger, and I used to say to myself—

"They will come to blows."

But up to the day on which M. Christopher took the oath, all these little disputes had calmed down, when, during January, 1791, something fresh happened every day; now it was the curé of this village had taken the oath; then, another; then, that the curé Dusable of Mittelbronn had replaced M. Ott at Phalsbourg; that all the curés in the National Assembly, the Abbé Grégoire at their head, had renewed their oaths, &c.

Maître Jean laughed, and gave way to his enthusiasm, and sang "Ca ira! ça ira!" while Valentine became more sullen. I began to think that he was afraid of Maître Jean, and did not dare to anger him, when one morning the news came that the Bishop of Autun, Talleyrand-Perigord, would consecrate those bishops who had sworn to the constitution, notwithstanding the pope's prohibition. Maître Jean was so overjoyed at it, that he began by saying that Mgr. Talleyrand-Perigord was a true apostle of Christ; that he had already proposed the sale of Church property; that he had officiated at the mass on the Champ de Mars, at the altar of the country, on Federation Day; that he would put the finishing touch to his glory by consecrating the bishops; that he deserved the esteem of all honest people, and that the refractory bishops were asses in comparison.

But all at once Valentine, who had listened quietly,

while going on with his work, raised himself upright, and went close to him, saying—

"You mean that for me, do you not? Well, then, listen: your Talleyrand-Perigord is a most cowardly Judas! Do you understand, a Judas! and those who praise him are the same!"

And as Maître Jean had drawn back in astonishment, he went on—

"Asses! Our bishops asses! You are an ass! a creature full of pride, vanity, and folly!"

When he heard that Maître Jean stretched out his hands as if he was going to strangle him; but Valentine raised his hammer, and cried—

"Do not lay a hand on me!"

His face was frightful to look at, and if I had not thrown myself between them as quick as lightning, some accident would have happened.

"In the name of Heaven, Maître Jean! Valentine! think what you are doing!"

They both became pale. Maître Jean wanted to speak, but could not, his indignation choked him; and Valentine, throwing his hammer in a corner, said—

"Now I have done! I have put up with enough of it for the last two years. You must get yourself another journeyman."

"Yes," stammered Maître Jean, furious, "I have had enough of an aristocrat like you."

But Valentine, in reply, said—

"You will pay me my wages, and you will give me a character for the fifteen years I have been working for you; do you understand? A character, good or bad! I should like to see what sort of character a patriot like you can give to an aristocrat like me!"

At the same time he walked out, putting on his jacket, and went into Rigaud's house. Maître Jean was confounded.

"Rascal!" said he.

A minute or two after he asked me—

"What do you think of such an ass?"

"Why," said I, "he is mad there is no doubt, but at the same time he is a brave fellow, an honest journeyman, and a good workman. Maître Jean, you have been wrong to annoy him for such a length of time."

"What! I am in the wrong?" cried he.

"Yes," said I; "you lose a good journeyman, a man who liked you—you lose him through your own fault; you should not have pressed him so hard."

He seemed quite surprised, and finished by saying—

"I was his master! If I had not been his master he would have suffered for it! All the same, Michel, you say what you think—that is right. I am sorry for what has happened. Yes, I am sorry; but it is done. I could not believe there was such a fool in existence!"

Seeing he was sorry, I put on my jacket and ran to the Rigauds', to try and make matters up; for I liked Valentine; it seemed we could not live without one another. Maître Jean understood it, and let me go. He went into the inn.

As I opened the door, Valentine was telling the old people what had occurred. They listened quite frightened. I interrupted him, crying—

"Valentine, you must not go; it is not possible; you must forget it all! Maître Jean would be so glad. Don't think he is angry with you; on the contrary, he respects and likes you. I am sure of it."

"Yes," said old Rigaud, "he has told me so a hundred times."

"What is that to me?" said Valentine. "Before the States-General, I liked that man too; but since he has taken advantage of the misfortunes of the times to seize on the goods of the Church, I look on him as a robber. And besides," cried he, sitting down and striking his fist on the table, "it is this pride of his to believe all men are equal, this pride which disgusts me. His spirit of plunder will be his ruin, I warn you, and so it ought. You, Michel, you are not to blame; ill luck would have it that you should fall into the society of a Maître Jean and a Chauvel; it is not your fault. If things had remained as they were, in four or five years you could have bought your freedom; I would have helped you; I have sixteen hundred livres saved up in the hands of Maître Boileau, at Phalsbourg. You should have married like a Christian; we would have worked together, and the old journeyman would always have been respected by the children and the family."

While he spoke he became affected, and I repeated over again—

"M. Valentine, indeed you must not go."

But directly after he passed his hand over his eyes, and said as he rose, in a firm tone of voice—

"To-day is Thursday; the day after to-morrow, Saturday, I shall go, early in the morning. A man must do his duty; remaining in a cavern at the risk of his soul is wrong—nay, more, it is criminal. I have already risked too much; I ought to have gone long ago, but the weakness of habit kept me here. Now it is all over, and I am glad of it. Tell Maître Jean

Leroux to have all settled by to-morrow morning, do you hear? I do not wish to speak to him again—he might think he was going to convert me."

Then he went up into his own room. I crossed the street, full of snow, and I went into the Three Pigeons very much distressed, where Nicole was laying the cloth for dinner. Dame Catherine, who helped her, was much out of sorts; Maître Jean had just been telling her about his quarrel with Valentine; he was walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back, holding his head down.

"Well?" said he.

"Well, Maître Jean," said I, "he goes away early on Saturday morning, and he tells me to give you notice to have everything ready in time."

"Good; the sixty livres for the month are ready; the character shall soon be written, as he means to go; but go and tell him I bear him no ill-will, and invite him to dinner; tell him there shall be no mention either of seigneurs, or capucins, or patriots; go and tell him so from me, and tell him two old workmen like ourselves can at least shake hands and drink a bottle of wine together before parting, though they do not agree on politics."

I saw he felt it a good deal; I did not dare tell him that his journeyman would not even speak to him.

Just then Valentine passed the window with his stick in his hand, stepping out towards the town. He was no doubt going to fetch his money from the notary. Maître Jean opened his window and called after him—

"Valentine! Valentine!"

He never turned his head, but went straight on. Then indignation again got the better of Maître Jean.

"The fellow won't hear me," said he, as he closed the window; "he is revengeful. I was in the wrong; I was sorry for having been so touchy; well, now I am satisfied. Ah, 'you aristocrat,' so you won't listen to me!"

At the same time he opened his desk in the corner of the room, and said—

"Sit down, Michel, and I will dictate his certificate."

I was afraid he was going to give him a bad character, and I ventured to observe that after dinner he would be quieter, and it would be better done then.

"No," said he, "I will do it at once, and think no more of it."

I sat down, and Maître Jean, notwithstanding his anger, dictated the best character for Valentine that could be conceived, saying he was an excellent workman, a good, honest, and faithful man, that he very much regretted losing him; that private reasons deprived him of this excellent journeyman, and he recommended him strongly to all master blacksmiths. After which, having made me read over what he had dictated—

"That is right," said he, as he signed it; "take it to him to-night or to-morrow. Take his money also; let him see if it is right, and give you a receipt. If he asks you to go with him part of the way, as is usual among journeymen, you can have all Saturday. And now let us sit down and have our dinner."

The soup was on table, so we sat down. All day nothing fresh occurred. Valentine was seen no more at Baraques, and next day I went to his room; he was engaged in putting his traps and cages in order. I gave him his character, which he put in his pocket

without speaking, then he counted his money and gave me a receipt for it.

"Everything is settled now," said he. "I give all my birds, cages, and seeds to you and your brother Etienne."

I thanked him, with tears in my eyes, for Etienne and myself, then he said—

"You must accompany me to-morrow at eight as far as the turning to Saverne. We will part there. Maître Jean cannot refuse."

"No," said I, "he has even given me the whole day."

"It is the custom among journeymen," replied he, "so we will set off at eight without fail."

I then left him, and on the next day, Saturday, we set off together as we had arranged. I carried his bundle; he walked behind, leaning on his journeyman's stick, for, though very strong in his arms, his legs soon tired.

I shall never forget that day, not only on account of the quantity of snow we had to pass, and of seeing Alsace from the top of the hillside white for more than twenty leagues as far as the Rhine with its little villages and lines of trees and forests, but still more on account of what Valentine said to me when we reached the Arbre-Vert about nine.

The carriers stopped there occasionally in ordinary weather; but none of them ventured to travel by this road in the month of January.

The little inn in the middle of the pines on the edge of the slope was half-buried in snow; you could only see the path where two or three persons had passed since the previous evening, and the small windows

which had been swept clear of snow; had it not been for the smoke rising from the roof, everything about it seemed dead.

When we went in we saw an old woman asleep by the hearth, her foot on her wheel. We had to awake her, and then the Spitz dog, with his long white coat, feathery tail, pointed nose and ears, began to bark under the table; he was frightened when he heard us coming, and hid himself there. The old woman could only speak German; she had long black ribbons in her hair. Her husband was just gone to buy provisions at Saverne. She brought us some wine, a loaf of brown bread, and some cheese. Valentine put his bundle on the bench, and sat down by it, with his back to the window, his stick between his knees, and his hands crossed upon it. I sat down in front of him, and the old woman went to sleep again over her spinning.

"We part here," said Valentine. "Your health, Michel!"

"Yours," said I sadly.

"Yes," said he, after drinking with a very serious face—"yes, I am satisfied; my conscience is easy; I have left the soil of scandal behind me; I have taken up my staff for a journey, and I am on the road to my salvation. I ought to have gone long since; I am wrong in having remained so long in the trammels of this Babylon. I am guilty, and I accuse myself of it; it is my own fault—my very great fault! The weakness of habit is to blame for it."

He went on for some time in this way, and I fancied I heard my mother when she came home after hearing mass among the refractory priests in the mountain. It

was the capucin Eleonore himself speaking by the mouth of Valentine. At last, lifting up his eyes, he stretched out his long arms and said—

"The hour of pardon is come—to all sinners pardon. I came away the last—but it is never too late! Thy pity, O God, is boundless!"

"But, Valentine, where are you going?" cried I.

"You," he began again, looking at me as if he did not know whether he ought to answer—"your heart is with us, though you know it not—your errors come from others. You must tell no one; and should you tell any one, what can it matter? What is written is written. The ruin of Babylon has sounded. Before this snow is melted every one will be recompensed according to his works! You shall be spared—yes, you shall be spared! But these trees, Michel—look at these trees; they will bend with the weight of patriots hanging from them, and their branches will break with their load."

All this nonsense made me very sad.

"No doubt, Valentine," said I, "it is quite possible; but in the meantime, where are you bound?"

"I am going to Mayence," said he, looking at the old woman, who was fast asleep. "I go to rejoin our good princes, and above all the man according to God, Mgr. the Count d'Artois. It is in him I put my trust. From Mayence we shall go to Lyons, which will become the capital of the kingdom; the other is polluted; there shall not remain of it one stone above another. General Bender has already disposed of the patriots in the Low Countries; now it is the French patriots' turn. You will see, Michel—you will see. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, lancers, and Croats—all will march

together; they will enter by Savoy, by Liège, by Switzerland, and from Spain; and our seigneurs will march in front to deliver the poor martyr who is suffering for our sins—then peace be to the well-disposed! peace to the submissive! peace to the humble! peace to the faithful subjects! but war to the proud who lift up their heads! war to Antichrist, to the holders of stolen property! No pity for them—no pity for Jean Leroux, Letumier, Elof Collin! Their hempen cravat is already prepared. You shall have nothing to fear—you are a good son, and support your father and mother. It is well—reason will return to you. But when our princes are in Alsace or near Metz you must not join the others in marching against them to support rebellion; not one shall escape, I tell you so. Mgr. the Count d'Artois has planned it all. Stir not! Let Cochart, Letumier, Maître Jean go. The soldiers will turn against them; they are all for our princes; they will first go and exterminate the Babylon of iniquity, the scoundrels of Parisians."

While I looked at Valentine's sugarloaf-shaped head, I said to myself—

"What a pity! You are quite crazy, poor old fellow."

And I quietly said—

"So you are going to Mayence; but what will you do when you get there? You are no soldier, and then your age!"

"Ah!" cried he, "there will be no want of work. My place is marked out already. I shall go with a cavalry regiment as farrier, and I will work out my salvation."

So I said no more; and as we had finished the bottle I knocked for another; but he would not have it, but said—

"No, Michel, no, it is enough. One glass of wine does good, two would be too much."

He strapped on his bundle, paid for the wine, and we departed, the Spitz, which had recovered his courage, barking after us.

Once outside, Valentine stretched out his long arms, and we embraced. After that the poor devil went down the hill towards Saint-Jean-des-Choux, to go to Weissembourg. I watched him for a moment; he was deep in the snow, and then he recovered himself like a man of twenty.

I took my way back to Baraques. All that Valentine had said to me seemed madness; I did not know then that the kings and nobles of Europe formed a sort of freemasonry among themselves; that they were neither French, Germans, nor Russians, but before all they were nobles, and that they afforded each other mutual aid and assistance to keep the populations under the yoke.

This idea seemed to me too horrible to believe.

It was midday when I returned to the Three Pigeons.

"So there you are," said my godfather; "you are back in time for dinner. Is the other gone?"

"Yes, Maître Jean."

"Which way?"

I did not know what to say, but he did not want an answer.

"He is gone to join the emigrants at Coblentz," said he, winking his eye; "I knew it."

And as he sat down he called out—

"Let us have our dinner, and think no more of that idiot."

All dinner-time he was very gay.

"Now we are alone, Michel," said he, "we can sing as we like. But before that, the time is come for certain changes. I am pleased with you; you have always given me satisfaction; you are not as good a workman yet as Valentine, for, to be just, he was a very good one; but for good sense you are worth a thousand such as he. The rest will come. We shall always agree."

And after dinner, as I was going to rise, he put his hand on my arm, and said—

"Stay, I want to talk to you. Catherine, fetch us a bottle of wine. Everything had better be settled to-day."

Dame Catherine went out. I was surprised at Maître Jean's good-humour; I felt he was going to say something agreeable to me. His wife brought the wine, and then went into the kitchen to help Nicole; we remained alone.

"We shall not be disturbed this snowy weather," said my godfather, as he filled our glasses. "No one is likely to come to the inn."

Then, after having had some wine, he continued with a thoughtful air—

"You know, Michel, that my lands at Pickeholtz are the best in the ban of Lixheim; I saw it the last time I was walking about there. It is strong land, with chalk and sand in it. Everything ought to grow there abundantly; but those idle Tiercelins have let the land get so low, the river overflows there, the meadows are become marshes, ranunculuses and all descriptions of rank vegetation grow there plentifully; the cattle will not feed there. Nothing would have been easier than to have let the water run off by removing the willows which have fallen for ages past; but they never cared about it; they had food enough in their racks when they returned to their convent every morning and

evening; hams were rotting in their store-rooms. What a set! On the high lands everything remained waste, all dried up; the old walnut and pear trees spread their branches at random, and covered everything with their shade. The plough will have some work to turn that over, and the axe too. There will be no want of faggots; I shall have sufficient for three or four years. It is no small task to put a hundred and fifty arpents of land in good order again, to manure, cultivate, and sow what has not had two liards of soil for hundreds of years. These hundred and fifty arpents ought to have brought me in ten thousand four hundred livres this year, and I have not had even six hundred. See the result of the idleness and cowardice of those beggars; they ruin a country! Well, we shall change all that. I have already put a new roof to the little farmhouse, which was in ruins; and have taken out the rotten beams of the barn, and paved the stable. Now it is nearly all to rights. But I must have a quantity of manure, and for that I must have cattle. Catherine's property at Fleisheim has always paid well; our inn does very well also; we shall do in the end. Only I cannot always be here; the first thing for a farmer is to be on the spot, to see if every one does his work properly—if the cattle are looked after, the land ploughed, &c., &c. I must be there. I shall spend all the spring and summer there; I shall only come to Baraques once or twice a week. Catherine does not want any help to carry on the inn; but I must have a man at the head of the forge, and I have made choice of you. You shall be master smith instead of me. You must find a journeyman, for you will have all the responsibility, and the journeyman must suit the master. From to-day I give

you fifty livres a month instead of thirty. This is not all; with work and good conduct all will improve. I love you—you are a good lad; I have, I may say, brought you up; I am your godfather; I have no children; you understand!"

He was affected as he concluded. I was so happy that I said to him—

"Oh, Maître Jean, you make a man of me, and I feel I deserve it; yes, by the friendship I feel for you, I deserve it."

"And by your good conduct also," said he, as he pressed my hand; "by your work and your attachment to my family; had I a son, I should have wished him like you. Well, it is understood, till next spring we continue to work together; I will show you what you have yet to learn; in the meantime you must look out for a journeyman, and then things will be as I have just explained to you."

He gave me his hand. Ah, we may say, if there is great unhappiness in life, we sometimes fall on happy days. When Maître Jean put me in the position of master, I felt proud of being something myself, and of not always having an order to obey. The idea of Margaret learning this great news filled me with satisfaction. But what pleased me the most was that out of my fifty livres a month I could send my brother Etienne to Lutzelbourg for him to be taught by the curé Christopher, and bring him up as a schoolmaster; this was the greatest happiness of all, for I dreaded letting my infirm brother become a burden on the village, should any accident happen to me; and immediately thinking of the joy my father would feel, I asked leave of Maître Jean to run home.

"Go," said he, "and make yourselves all happy."

I did not take a moment in reaching home. My father, Etienne, and Marceline were making baskets; they were surprised to see me at that hour, when I was always at work at the forge. My mother was cooking at the fire; she looked round, and went on with her work.

"What is the matter, Michel?" said my father.

In my happiness I cried out—

"Maître Jean gives me fifty livres a month, and Valentine is gone, and I take his place, and I get fifty livres. Maître Jean has told me at the end of the winter he is going to Pickeholtz to look after his land, and then I shall take his place as master, that I shall do everything, and I am to find a journeyman at once."

Then my father lifted up his hands, and cried—

"Oh, my God, is it possible? Now, my child, we may say you are rewarded for your good conduct to us!"

He got up. I threw myself into his arms, and said—

"Yes, how fortunate for Etienne! For a long time I have hoped to send him to be taught by M. Christopher, to become a schoolmaster; but there was no money——"

My mother would not let me conclude. She cried out—

"He shall not go! He shall not be made a heathen!"

As she spoke, my father turned suddenly round; he looked at her, grew very pale, and answered in a tone of anger and indignation such as we had never heard before—

"And I say he shall go! Who is master here? You will not have it? Well, I will. Do you understand

me? I will! Ah, when your son—the best of all—comes to rescue his poor brother from want, is that all the thanks you can give him? It is the others, Nicolas and Lisbeth, whom you love—creatures who have given us up, and would let us die of hunger—you, I, and the children, all of us—those are what you love!"

He was so terribly angry, we were quite frightened. My mother at the hearth looked at him with astonishment without daring to reply to him. He went quietly up to her, and when he was two steps from her he said as he looked sternly at her—

"Bad heart! You have had not a word for your child who gives you your daily bread."

Then at last she threw herself into my arms and cried—

"Yes, he is a good boy—a good son!"

And I felt she loved me all the same, which softened me much. The children cried, but for a moment my father could not recover himself; he still stood there, looking at us pale and angry; at last he took me by the hand and said—

"Let me embrace you again. It is a good thing to have such a son; yes, it is a good thing!"

He sobbed out loud, and my mother cried; so that what ought to have made us all happy made us miserable.

At last we all became calm. My father wiped his eyes, put on his jacket and his Sunday cap, and said as he took my arm—

"I shall work no more to-day. Let us go, Michel, and thank my friend Jean, our benefactor. What a good idea it was to choose him for your godfather! that idea must have come from heaven!"

Two seconds after we were walking up the street full of snow; my father leaned on my arm; joy shone in his eyes; he explained that I was baptised Jean-Michel, which seemed a great source of gladness to him. As we walked into the Three Pigeons, he cried—

"Jean, I come to thank you!"

Maître Jean was very glad to see him.

We sat round the stove till night, talking happily about me, Maître Jean's projects, and family affairs. When supper-time came, my father sat down with us; and late, about half-past nine, we returned home, where they were all in bed.

VI.

Such was the beginning of the year 1791. I had sent my brother to board at Lutzelbourg with an old mattress-maker named Gertrude Arnold, at an expense of twelve francs a month. Thus he was able to attend M. Christopher's school, and from that time the child has always continued to give us the greatest satisfaction.

During the month of January Maître Jean made me comprehend what he wanted done. I was to look after the forge, and keep an account of all that was bought and sold at the inn, because his wife could not write. I had to keep his books, so that when he came home from the farm he need only look at the bottom of the page to know exactly how he stood.

My mother, who was quite astonished that anything in the cottage dared to oppose her, seemed very pensive; sometimes my father used to say—

"Now I am happy—all goes well; and if Mathurine can only find a place with respectable people, I should have nothing to wish for."

I thought of that, too; but in these troubled times rich people did not like to undertake new servants, and I was become prouder than I had been, and I should not have liked to have seen my sister a servant to

people in the town. This is very natural, and easily understood.

So we were happy.

Unfortunately the storm grew greater every day; in January and February emigration was at its height. At that time the Red Book circulated all over France; we saw there the pensions and disgraceful presents which noble families had enjoyed, and which amounted to fifty millions a year; while poor wretches weighed down by taxation were dying of hunger. National contempt compelled these nobles to leave the country in crowds; the roads were covered with their carriages; there were not sufficient relays of horses to be procured; every day we heard the crack of their postillions' whips. When the gates of the town were closed they would drive round the ramparts rather than wait for the gate-keeper, Father Lebrun, to come and open them. It rose to such a pitch that the patriots began to grow uneasy about it. The National Assembly was discussing the law on passports. Mirabeau said it was wrong to prevent people going and coming, but the citizen guards did their duty nevertheless; they questioned the emigrants as to what they were going to do at Coblentz, Constance, or Turin. If they refused to answer they threatened to put the ladies in the town guard-room till they received instructions from the department; then you could see the haughty attitude of these gentry change; then they could become mild enough, shake hands with the patriots, call them "friends," and drink to the health of the nation at the nearest wine-shop.

We used to laugh at this comedy, and the National Guard would let go the horses' reins, and cry out—

"A pleasant journey, gentlemen!"

Well, Frenchmen have always enjoyed a joke; it is natural to them.

However, troubles respecting the civic oath increased. Twelve or fifteen hundred rebels in Alsace had formed an association of so-called apostolic Roman Catholic citizens, to oppose the execution of the decree. They used to meet to the rallying cry of—

"Vive le Comte d'Artois!"

The National Assembly sent commissioners to ascertain what they wanted; they became more insolent than ever, and raised the cry of—

"Les commissaires à la lanterne!"

Some chevaliers of Saint-Louis and some ancient counsellors of the parliament were their leaders. When that was found out, the patriots of Colmar and Strasbourg took their clubs and dispersed the apostolic citizens. All the royalist gazettes spoke of the coming invasion. At Phalsbourg, the Saxe Hussars having to pass through the town on their way to Sarreguemines, as it was suspected they intended going over to the enemy, some soldiers of the La Fère regiment seized their bridles and wanted to make them cry, "Vive la nation!" when they all drew their sabres and rode over them, leaving the town by the Porte de France. The hospital was full of wounded soldiers. It was disgraceful, for the La Fère soldiers were unarmed. That did not prevent Louis XVI. praising the Saxe Hussars, who were chosen later to cover his retreat to the Austrians. The La Fère regiment was blamed severely, and the Royal Liegeois was sent to replace it, which had distinguished itself six months before, under the orders of M. de Bouillé.

Imagine the patriots' indignation! As long as the Royal Liegeois remained, no one in the town or the environs would return the salute of any officer. We lost the services of Sergeant Quéru and all the drill-instructors. We accompanied them in a body to Sarrebourg, where we fraternised before parting.

During this agitation we heard of the escape of the king's aunts with twelve millions in gold in their carriages, leaving debts to the amount of three millions behind them as a charge upon us; then that they had been arrested at Arnai-le-Duc in Burgundy, and that in their fright they had written as follows to the National Assembly:—

"We wish to be only citizens, as, indeed, according to law we are. We are respectfully your very humble and very obedient servants."

This letter, which made one laugh, nevertheless showed very good sense on their part, being only the plain truth.

The Assembly gave them permission to go wherever they wished, though Maître Jean said they ought to have been brought back to Paris in triumph. I always thought the Assembly in the right, and if they had opened every gate in France to induce the nobles to leave, with the understanding they were not to return, they would have done well. We all hold to our own opinions. I am sure Louis XVI. would not have done more or less than the Count d'Artois if he had succeeded in gaining England or Germany. I am sure that our rulers who quitted us in later times would have been satisfied to have stayed at home, for they found it more difficult to return than to quit.

As to the king's aunts, they went to Rome, and we

never heard anything more of them. We saw from the gazettes which Chauvel sent us that there were great troubles in Paris. People were distrustful, expecting some blow to be struck by the nobles and the bishops. Camille Desmoulins, Brissot, and Fréron, bold and clever men, continually said—

"Be on your guard! Do not let them take you by surprise. Many of your deputies of the Third Estate have sold themselves. Leopold and William have made peace together to invade us. Be ready!—sleep not!"

On one occasion the faubourg of Saint-Antoine wanted to pull down the Château de Vincennes as they had the Bastille; Lafayette had great trouble to dissuade them. That same day five hundred nobles, armed with poniards, introduced themselves into the king's palace by a door which opened into the guard room of the Swiss soldiers. When discovered they declared that they were the king's best guards; they were beaten out again with the butts of the soldiers' muskets, and Louis XVI. said he wished for no other protectors than the citizen guard, but that did not make the people watch him less carefully. It was said he was ill, and his medical attendant suggested he should go to Saint-Cloud. But the market-women begged him to remain, which shows how simple the ignorant are; these poor creatures believed the departure of the king would be a great loss to France, as if kings were not much more easily found than countries; however, we cannot be wise in a moment.

At the end of March Maître Jean set off to look after his farm, and I remained at the forge with my new journeyman, Simon Benerotte, a strong fellow with a rough beard. It rained nearly every day, as it usually

does in the spring. Few vehicles passed, but we had a good order for Phalsbourg Church. It was the railing, which is still to be seen in the chancel. Maître Jean left me the care of putting it up, and I went to work every day in town, leaving Benerotte at the forge.

The Royal Liegeois regiment about this time was recalled to Metz. It was said that General Bouillé wished to have all regiments devoted to the king within reach. We discovered why soon after. This regiment left us in March, and the Auvergne, a true patriotic regiment, replaced it. It had distinguished itself in the American war, and refused to march against Nancy. Elof Collin at the club passed a eulogium on it; he recapitulated its battles, and on the first day we fraternised with the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, as we had done with those of La Fère.

But the Auvergne regiment had also its accounts to balance; its officers continued to beat their men, and soon after a most extraordinary occurrence took place, well calculated to make the aristocrats reflect.

On that day, in the beginning of April, I was putting up the railing with the help of two workmen, when I heard the drum beaten, about one, at the Hôtel de Ville. Rather surprised, I go out to see what it is; and as I come to the church door I see the Auvergne regiment, under the command of its non-commissioned officers, march by and form a square under the old elm-trees. The nobles, officers, were at the Café de la Régence, where Hoffman's distillery now is, at the corner of the Rue de l'Ancienne Citerne. They were quietly taking coffee and playing cards. On hearing the drum they

rush out pell-mell, without even putting on their hats. The colonel, the Marquis de Courbon, approaches, and calls out to know what it all means, but the continual roll of the drums gives him no answer; then three old sergeant-majors step forward from the ranks, each with his musket on his shoulder, and meet in the centre of the square.

They were tall fellows with grey moustaches, wearing their cocked hats across their shoulders, their pigtails hanging down their backs, and looked fierce enough. The townspeople looked on from the windows, not knowing what it all meant. Suddenly the drums cease to beat, and one of the old fellows takes a paper from his pocket, and cries—

"Sergeant Ravette, come forward."

The sergeant steps forward, his musket on his arm.

"Sergeant Ravette, the Auvergne regiment acknowledges you as its colonel."

The new colonel immediately places his musket against a tree, and draws his sword, while the drums are beaten and the colours lowered, and the whole regiment presents arms.

I never saw anything more terrible. If the officers had attempted to use their canes the regiment would have fallen on them with the butts of their muskets and their bayonets. Fortunately, they soon saw their danger, and returned to the café while the affair continued.

After the colonel, they appointed the lieutenant-colonel, major, captains, lieutenants; all the officers, in fact, and many non-commissioned officers. It was all over by three. The square deployed; when the officers

came out of the café to remonstrate, the new colonel, a little dark man, said to them drily—

"Gentlemen you have six hours allowed you to leave the place."

Then he gave the command—

"By files to the left—forward—quick march!"

And the soldiers returned to their barracks.

The next day not one officer was in the town. This is what I saw myself. Three weeks after, the 24th of April, the National Assembly was informed by the minister of war of the revolt of the Auvergne regiment, "which had expelled its officers, had become a private society, and disavowed all authority but its own." I read it in the gazettes of the day, with many other falsehoods. The truth is the Auvergne regiment sided with the nation; they were tired of their officers' insolence; nor would they be under the command of men likely to betray them on the battle-field. Notwithstanding the minister's letter, many other of our regiments followed Auvergne's example, and if our whole army had done the same we should not have seen in later days generals-in-chief endeavour to lead their men against the people's representatives, and whole regimental staffs desert to the enemy.

One Sunday soon after, Maître Jean came home; he saw everything was in order and was satisfied; he brought us a parcel of newspapers from the hotel of the Grand Cerf at Lixheim, by which we learned that Mirabeau was just dead; that the king, queen, the court, and every one regretted him, and the Assembly had passed the following decree:—

"The new building of Sainte-Génévière is destined to receive the ashes of the great. The legislative body

alone can decide to what men such honours shall be ascribed. Honoré Riquetti Mirabeau is judged worthy of this honour."

From what Chauvel had written to us about Mirabeau, this decree surprised us.

The same gazettes informed us that the king had decided on going to Saint-Cloud; that the citizen guard and the people opposed his departure, and that he had gone to the Assembly to complain of this want of confidence in him. He was quite right. It would have shown a want of common sense to trust him, when one saw his palace always full of nobles and refractory priests, and not one single patriot, or read his journals, always exclaiming against the want of discipline among the troops, against the decrees of the Assembly, against the people and the citizens; when one saw the mass of bad little books which were puffed up by these journals, and were even published under the names of Camille Desmoulins, Marat, and the Père Duchêne to insure them a circulation, and similar falsehoods and calumnies.

Did not the discourses of such men as Valentine, the capucins, and the apostolic Roman Catholic citizens suffice to open the eyes of the blindest, and expose the treason which was in contemplation? No, no one trusted him; but it was his own fault. To gain the people's confidence one must act openly and loyally; one must not put forward rogues to represent one. Once deception is discovered, contempt takes the place of confidence, which is but just.

Finding everything as it ought to be at Barraques, Maître Jean returned to his farm the next day, and a few days afterwards Pius VI. excommunicated the

priests and bishops who had taken the oath. That was all the same to them, but it made the others still more insolent. They drove Corsica into rebellion; they attacked the patriots in Avignon; they broke the club windows in Paris. In reply the pope's bull was burnt in the Palais-Royal, the ashes of Voltaire were transported to Sainte-Généviève, the bells were ordered to be coined into money, the Prince de Condé was summoned to return to France under penalty of losing his rights as a Frenchman, &c. &c.

Instead of things becoming quieter, the Catholic citizens increased their excesses. At Brie-Comte-Robert the Hainault Hussars dragged the patriots, even the women, from bed to put them in irons and insulted them shamefully. Our fury increased; the idea of being forced to fight was the more exasperating as the year promised well. In May everything was in flower at Baraques—trees, hedges, and woods. Margaret's great pear-tree rose from behind their house like a great snowball. We used to say—

"What a happy thing if there could only be quiet now! Is it not enough for the poor to suffer cold and hunger in bad seasons? Are we to be threatened with seeing Prussians and Austrians come and destroy our crops, and traitors leagued with them, when we happen to have a year which promises well?"

Nevertheless, work continued, when one fine morning we heard that the king had decamped, and all the National Guards in Champagne and the Messin country were scouring the roads to catch him; that couriers were hurrying everywhere, and he who could lay his hand on him would make his fortune. We had this information from three Alsatians and their wives

who were driving back from Sarrebourg. Their wives cried—"Jesus! Marie! Joseph! we are all lost!"

The men, who were sitting in front in cocked hats and red waistcoats, beat their horses to get along. I cried out to them—

"What has happened?"

The one who was driving turned his head and said—

"The devil is unchained!"

He laughed; he had had too much to drink; but one of the women said—

"The king has escaped!"

A few moments later the same story was repeated by fifty people who were hurrying home with the news. Three or four who stopped at the inn said the queen and the dauphin were with the king.

Then for the first time I was enraged with that man, for till then I had believed in his oath. Simon Benerotte was astonished, for in my rage I flung my hammer against the wall, and cried—

"The coward! he has deceived us!"

But I soon grew calm, and as both men and women were disputing about it before the Three Pigeons, I called out to them that if the king went it was to rejoin our enemies at Coblentz, and that the Germans only waited for his presence to invade us; that William and Leopold did not dare to attack us before his arrival for fear of an accident at the Tuileries, but that now there was nothing to hinder them.

If Maître Jean had been at Baraques, he would certainly have had the rappel beaten; but he, Letumier, and the others were out in the fields. I was very unhappy then about it; but now I laugh at it, for thousands of other patriots watched the roads from Paris

to Strasbourg, which was not the road Louis XVI. was likely to take; it was a shorter road, either into Belgium or to Metz.

Under all circumstances every one agreed the king was on his road to join our enemies, and that we should be very shortly invaded. The nation was so convinced of it that the Assembly had no doubt whatever on that point, and the next day, June 25th, this decree was posted everywhere—on the church doors, town-halls, and even inside the inns, against the walls, so that all patriots might answer the rappel. Maître Jean came himself from Pickeholtz to post it up in the great room of the Three Pigeons, abusing the king terribly, and calling him a hypocrite.

"21*st June*, 1790.

"The National Assembly decrees as follows:—

"Art. 1. The National Guard of the whole kingdom is called out.

"Art. 2. The department of the North, of the Pas de Calais, of the Jura, Upper and Lower Rhine, and all departments on the frontiers of Germany shall furnish as considerable a number of men as their position will allow.

"Art. 3. Other departments shall furnish from two to three thousand men each.

"Art. 4. Consequently, every citizen desirous of carrying arms will put his name down at his municipality.

"Art. 5. Enrolled National Guards will be formed into battalions of ten companies, each company to consist of fifty men.

"Art. 6. The companies to be commanded by a sub-lieutenant, a lieutenant, and a captain.

"Art. 7. The battalions will be commanded by two lieutenant-colonels and a colonel.

"Art. 8. The companies will appoint their own officers, and battalions their own staff.

"Art. 9. Every National Guard shall receive fifteen sous a day, the drummer shall have one day's pay and a half, the quartermaster two, the sub-lieutenant three, the lieutenant four, the captain five, the lieutenant-colonel six, the colonel seven.

"Art. 10. The instant their services are no longer required the National Guards shall receive no pay, and shall return without distinction to their former companies.

"Art. 11. Standing orders will be immediately drawn up for these troops."

I give you a copy of this decree, because it is the first model on which the levies en masse were based; it is the decree which gave birth to those great republican generals who for so many years vanquished the generals of Frederick, Francis, Paul, William, and Alexander, not ten times or twenty times, but an extraordinary number of times, and they were most of them peasants' sons. The others were of noble blood, "the descendants of our proud conquerors," and "our republicans were the humble posterity of the conquered." How everything in this world changes!

This decree also shows what confidence the National Assembly had in the king, since it was not against our enemies that the country was called out, but against Louis XVI., who was on the road to join them. He thought he was sure to have us in his net again soon; but, God be thanked, events were contrary to his

expectation; here we may see the Supreme Being was with the people and the constitutional priests, and not with the court and the bishops; here we must wonder at Providence, for in spite of all their deceit and precautions, and the treason of Bouillé, and so many other wretches who went over to the enemy when the plan miscarried, the son of a postmaster, the patriot Drouet, sufficed to upset these projects and compel the king's return to Paris. He was arrested by the municipal council at Varennes, a small village nine leagues from the frontier; and the hussars sent by Bouillé to escort his carriage were stopped by a cart full of furniture which was upset on a small bridge by Drouet and his friends.

Yes, the will of God discovers itself in these things, which I read in the gazettes of those days. Maître Jean made me get on a table in the great room, which was so full of people one could hardly breathe; the windows were open and the street was thronged; and I read out this news in the midst of exclamations of astonishment and "Vive la nation!" which spread all over the village.

What excited general indignation was Bouillé's insolent letter to the Assembly the moment the king was led back to Paris uninjured, in which he tried to frighten us by threatening us with invasion. Listen. I will not copy it all, but only where his treason is to be plainly seen:—

"*Luxembourg, 26th June*, 1791.

"The king has made an effort to burst his bonds; a blind destiny, to which empires are subjected, has decided otherwise."

So he begins. What does he mean? "A blind

destiny to which empires are subjected;" that must mean there is no God; that shows these nobles are no better than heathens, and treat us as slaves, because they did not believe in our Saviour's words, "You are brothers! You are equal! Love one another!" But I will not stop at that, I go on to his threats. After saying it was by his advice the king had set out for Montmédy to join his faithful Germans, declare the National Assembly dissolved and convoke another more to his liking, to re-establish the privileges of the nobility, he continues thus:—

"Believe me, all the princes in the world regard themselves as menaced by the monster you have brought into existence, and they will soon pour their forces into our unhappy country. I know our strength, hope is chimerical, and your chastisement will soon serve as a warning to posterity; these are the terms in which a man whom you once inspired with pity feels compelled to address you. You are answerable for the lives of the king and queen to all the kings in the universe; if one hair of their heads be injured, not one stone in Paris shall be left on another. I know the way, and I will lead the armies of the foreigners.

"This letter is but the forerunner of a manifesto from the sovereigns of Europe; they will give you notice more fully of the war you have to dread.

"Adieu, messieurs."

It was clear enough we were answerable for the lives of the king and queen to the kings of the universe, and he, Bouillé, knew our strength; he was to lead the enemy against us, into his own country, and destroy Paris from its foundations upwards!

When I read this letter to my father in the evening, he clasped his hands over his head, and cried,—

"O! my God! my God! Is it possible such wretches can exist in the world? If Nicolas, who also knows the way into his country, were capable of leading the enemy to Baraques, I should die of grief."

And I answered—

"Yes, father, yes; but you are not a noble; you are not a descendant of conquerors; you are not a general appointed by the king; you have enjoyed neither pensions, honours, nor power; you are a poor peasant; you have lived and suffered. The country has given you nothing—not a liard. You only owe her the light of day, and for that you love her; the bare idea of betraying her makes you shudder. But as for these nobles, they have no country where there are neither pensions nor honours; their true country is where they have serfs to labour for them, and kings to heap riches on them. Were they compelled as we are to dig the earth and work from morning till night to support their king in luxury and ease, they would soon be royalists no longer."

What I told my father was seen as soon as Louis XVI. returned to the Tuileries; he was no longer master; he had no more favours to dispense; numbers of officers deserted. We heard that all those of the Colonel-General regiment in garrison at Dunkirk had deserted in one night to the Austrians; those at Lille had tried to deliver up the place to our enemies, and would have succeeded but for the patriotism of the citizens and the soldiers. We were almost in despair; we dreaded every morning to awake with Condé, Leopold, William, with a hundred thousand men at our gates. All France said

Louis XVI. was unworthy to reign; he had violated his oath, and conspired against his country; he was our most dangerous enemy, since the forces he held from us to defend us might be employed in betraying us. We could not exist with so great an evil; all men of sense were aware of it.

Paris newspapers showed us that there the patriots thought as we did. But whom could we put in his place? Some proposed deposing him and declaring the dauphin king, with a constitutional regency; others wanted to charge some one with the due execution of the laws, and some declared for a republic. But at the Jacobin Club Robespierre was indignant at the idea of a republic; he said the name was nothing, that we might be happy and free under a king, and in slavery and miserable under certain republics. Danton only desired the deposition of Louis XVI., Petion agreed with Robespierre; but Brissot, Condorcet, and the Duke of Orleans were inclined to a republic. However, I think at the time if there had been any possibility of putting the Duke of Orleans in the place of the king, he would have sacrificed himself for his country. But it would have been necessary to prove to him that he would be the stronger party, for so prudent a man could not avoid seeing the danger of such a position, with men like Marat, Camille Desmoulins, and Fréron on his back. No one thought of it; people were as yet inexperienced in revolutionary ways, and they thought it a great thing to create kings, republics, or empires; since then we have found it much more difficult to preserve them.

These disputes lasted about three weeks. The National Assembly came to no decision. A great

number of its members, bishops and nobles, who were called "the Right," had protested against the insults offered to the king and his family, by declaring they would continue to be present at the sittings of the Assembly, but would take no part in its deliberations nor acknowledge the legality of its decrees. It seemed other deputies were afraid. Barnave, Lameth, and Duport, who were called "the Feuillants," and who visited their majesties secretly, spoke without proposing anything positive; the question was protracted. At last the people lost patience, and sent petitions to the Assembly demanding the king's deposition: the National Assembly passed them over. The people rushed to the Champ de Mars to sign a more forcible one on the altar of the country, but the Mayor of Paris, M. Bailly, found means to delay those who had charge of it to the Assembly, so that they arrived after that body had just decided the king could not be put on his trial because his person was sacred. As much as to say that he could call the Prussians and Austrians into France, and give us up to them, without running any risk.

The people then saw that, with the exception of men like the Abbé Grégoire, Chauvel, Robespierre, &c., the whole National Assembly was corrupt; its fury became great; the clubs thundered. Danton said at the Cordeliers that an additional revolution was wanted; and the patriots went to the Champ de Mars to draw up a fresh petition to be signed by thousands of Frenchmen.

The Assembly would not have it; they saw that such a petition would be too much for them. Lafayette and Bailly were ordered to put martial law in force, this

terrible law which allows people to be fired upon after having been thrice summoned to disperse; they immediately collected large bodies of troops.

The next day, early, the people who were beginning to assemble found two spies hidden under the altar of the country, to denounce what took place to the court. Their heads were cut off and carried about Paris on pikes. About two Lafayette and Bailly arrived at the Champ de Mars; they put martial law in force, some say without summoning the people; some say the reverse, which comes to the same thing. Many unarmed persons, women, old men, and children were shot, and the nobles, bishops, and the court ought to have been pleased!

It was by order of the National Assembly that the people were fired upon for the first time; a war between citizens and the populace begun, what a misfortune! No greater could have arisen, since this war is still waging, and to it we are indebted for a military government and despotism. Camille Desmoulins, Danton, and Fréron were pursued by order of Bailly and Lafayette; they made their escape. But they came back, and Marat came back, and the relations of those who had been killed came back! Alas! civil war, war between men of the same family, these were the first fruits of the flight of Louis XVI.; the rest was destined to come later.

This National Assembly, after having done such great things, passed such just laws, proclaimed the rights of men and of citizens, and preserved its grandeur through most terrible trials, had fallen so low for one miserable idea, the idea of Divine right, contrary to common

sense, justice, and the whole constitution which it had just made.

When we think of such things we are bound to confess the weakness of men's minds, and above all the dangers of large civil lists. Happily this corrupt, worn-out, and venal Assembly was not destined to a much longer existence; the constitution was nearly accomplished, and fresh elections were approaching.

VII.

THE joy of the ancient justiciaries, the prévôt, the lieutenant of police, and the dismissed échevins was very great when they heard the misfortune of the Champ de Mars. Their satisfaction was depicted on their countenances; they could not conceal it. Raphael Manque, a respectable citizen of Phalsbourg, and the president of our club, made a most desponding speech on the occasion, saying that Marat, Fréron, Desmoulins, and other rascally newspaper writers, by denouncing everybody, and by representing Lafayette, the friend of Washington, as a traitor, and Bailly, the president of the States-General at the tennis-court, as a fool, were the cause of it all; that by dint of excitement and exasperation they drove the people mad, and only a moment's anger was needed to cause a most fearful outbreak. This was his explanation of it. But our enemies' joy showed it to be far more serious, and to have a higher origin.

Now the preliminary meetings began for naming deputies to the Legislative Assembly; the list of "active" citizens had been posted up at the town-hall; and we passive citizens, who did not pay the value of three days' labour in direct taxes, had no right to vote, as in '89! Nevertheless, we were paying twenty times as much in indirect taxes on wine, spirits, beer, tobacco, &c.; we

were the more active citizens, as far as work and expenditure were concerned, than the misers who invested all their savings in landed property. Why should there be this distinction? Maître Jean himself said—

"That works badly! our deputies make blunders; and many of the best patriots will end by insisting on equality in voting."

The elections took place all the same; rich people were chosen, who paid at least one hundred and fifty livres in direct taxes; now money did everything; education, good sense, courage, and honesty had but the second place, and they could even be dispensed with altogether.

Some time after, during harvest, Chauvel wrote us word that the constitution was completed, that the king had just accepted it, and that they should return to Phalsbourg by the coach of the Rue Coq-Héron. A week after Maître Jean and I went to meet them in the yard of the Bœuf-Rouge early in the morning; about eight the coach arrived, white with dust; I need not tell you how joyfully we embraced Chauvel and Margaret. Margaret had grown so tall! she was quite a woman, a pretty brunette, with bright eyes and a lively air. She was indeed Chauvel's daughter; and when she sprang from the carriage, crying out, "Michel!" I hardly dared to take her in my great smith's hands and kiss her on both cheeks, I was so lost in admiration. Chauvel did not seem changed at all; one might have said he had been on his rounds in Alsace or Lorraine to sell his little books; he laughed, and said—

"Well, Maître Jean, here we are again. Michel, I am pleased with you—your letters gave me great satisfaction."

How glad I was to see them again, and how happy to carry Margaret's basket, and walk by her side home to Baraques; and then in the great room of the Three Pigeons to help her to unpack the presents she had brought us from Paris—a great cap with a cockade in it for Dame Catherine; some steel needles in a pretty case for Nicole, instead of her old worn wooden needles; and some pretty red trinkets for Michel's watch, of the latest fashion, which I take care of still in my secretaire. There they are in a box—they are old, turned yellow now, and never could have cost much; Margaret had too much judgment to bring me anything of value; she knew the smallest object from her would be of value in my eyes. Well, faded and worn as are those poor old trinkets now, it would require a strong man to deprive me of them; they are Margaret's first present to me! She was then eighteen and I was twenty-one; we were in love—what can I say more?

I must give you the speech at length which Chauvel made at the club the next evening. He was tired—he had spent six days in the coach; Maître Jean remonstrated—

"But, Chauvel, you must not think of it; you cannot do it; there will be plenty of time to-morrow or the day after."

But he would not wait. He wished to give an account of his mission at once. Many people came from the villages in the neighbourhood, and this is what Chauvel said; I have taken care of his speech, for I knew its value, and that I should be glad to refer to it again:—

"Gentlemen, the constitution which we were charged by you to draw up is finished. The king accepts it,

and swears to observe it. This constitution, therefore, will rule us all; it is our country's first law. I have done my best that it should be good. I have supported your interests as far as it lay in my power, and now I come to render you an account of the manner I have voted in the National Assembly, as is my duty, for I have never forgotten that I was responsible to you for the mission which you entrusted to me.

"Where there is no responsibility nothing can be accomplished in an upright manner. Whoever confides his affairs to us has a right to have an account from us. I come, therefore, to render mine to you. If you are satisfied, you will grant me your esteem; if I have deceived you, I deserve only your contempt."

At this several began to cry out "Vive Chauvel!" which seemed to annoy him; his lips contracted; he extended his hand as if to say, "Enough, enough!" and when silence was obtained, he continued—

"My friends, do not give vent to such thoughtless enthusiasm, which would hinder you from distinguishing between an honest man and a rogue. If you applaud every one without reflection, it was hardly worth while to have fulfilled my duty by you. You would receive the first schemer who presented himself equally well."

But instead of listening to him the applause began again, and he was compelled to wait for the end of it.

"Well," said he, "now you are satisfied. You approve of my conduct without knowing what it has been. What will you say next, if you are not satisfied?"

He went on—

"When I left you, April 10th, 1789, France was divided into three orders—the nobility, the clergy, and

the people, or the Third Estate. The two first orders possessed all the property, all the benefices, and all the honours, and you, the last order, a hundred times more numerous than both the others together—you had all the expenses and all the distress; you can recollect what you endured in those times—the taxes which weighed you down, the outrages you had to suffer, and the horrors of famine which reduced you to despair every second or third year. It was the shame and the ruin of our country; but you know all that; it is useless to say more about it.

"Well, now we shall see what the Assembly has substituted for it, what advantages we have gained, and what defects we have been unfortunately compelled to leave untouched in this constitution.

"I cannot now recapitulate the two thousand five hundred laws, or decrees, which we have passed in twenty-eight months, but I can mention the principal points in them. In the first place, orders are abolished. It is the first article in the constitution. 'Article 1. Men are born and live free, and with equality of rights The Assembly, desiring to establish the French constitution on the rights of men, irrevocably abolishes those institutions which offend equality of rights. There is no longer a nobility, nor hereditary distinctions, nor difference of ranks, no feudal rule, nor hereditary justice, nor titles, nor orders of knighthood, corporations, nor decorations which required titles of nobility, nor any superiority whatever but that of public officers in the exercise of their functions. No public employment can henceforth be either hereditary or saleable. There are no longer either wardenships or corporations, ther in professions, arts, or trades

"'The law acknowledges no longer the force of religious vows, nor any engagement opposed to natural rights. It declares all citizens eligible for places and employments without any distinction except that of virtue and ability. All contributions shall be equally levied from all citizens in proportion to their resources, and the same crimes shall be met with the same punishment, without distinction of persons.'

"For all that I have given my vote, for in my eyes equality and justice are one and the same thing. It is the first point, and you see that in this respect there is nothing to wish for.

"The next consideration is liberty. All rights are confirmed; they are supported by one another. If citizens had not liberty to speak, to write, to print and publish their ideas, their rights would be useless to them, since they could neither complain, protest, or, by the justice of their claims, recognised by the nation at large, compel those who violate their rights to respect them, and even make amends for what wrong they may have suffered at their hands. Laws would be but a dead letter; the stronger would always have right on his side; by forcing you to be silent he might rob and murder you with impunity. Therefore the constitution assures to every one, as a natural and civil right, the liberty of speaking, writing, and printing his ideas, and of publishing them by all possible methods.

"Then we proceed to other liberties—that of going and coming, of leaving a place without liability to be arrested, accused, or detained, except in cases laid down by the law, and according to prescribed forms; that of exercising any form of religious worship; the

liberty of addressing petitions signed by individuals themselves to all constituted authorities; liberty of meeting to discuss the affairs of the nation—in fact, liberty to do everything not detrimental to the rights of others or to public safety.

"I have voted for all this without exception, for if equality is justice, liberty is the guarantee of justice; one cannot exist without the other.

"The third point is fraternity. The constitution declares a general establishment of public succour shall be created and organised for the help of infirm poor and of able-bodied poor in want of work. They will not have to depend upon alms: begging degrades a man; it makes him lose all feeling for his own dignity; it lowers him by forcing him to bend to his fellow-man, which degenerates into meanness. The constitution cannot allow it; it is injurious to the greatness of the nation. It declares that benevolence is not only a private virtue, but a social duty.

"But in a charitable point of view, or, more properly speaking, as the joint liability of men united in common, there is one of far greater benefit than all the others—that is, public instruction; for Christ, a pattern to us all, has said—'Man does not live by bread alone, he lives by the spirit.' The constitution, in adopting these great words, declares that instruction, public and open to all citizens, shall be instituted and organised; gratuitous in those points of learning which are indispensably necessary to all, such as reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic, for teaching which proper establishments will be made in proportion to the wants of the kingdom.

"Therefore, gentlemen, you see that this first part of

the constitution is summed up in three words, equality, liberty, fraternity. It is personal right. There remained to lay down our country's rights in things. You have not forgotten that before '89 in the degree that orders of persons existed there existed also orders of property, of all sorts of possessions, great fiefs, little fiefs, arrière fiefs or communal benefices, quit-rents, &c. The poorer and more miserable you were, the more was your patch of ground loaded with taxes; the more powerful you were, so much the less had your lands to pay. The constitution abolishes all these distinctions; taxes will be levied impartially, and all property alike will be inviolable and held by the same tenure.

"Moreover, the constitution assigns property formerly attributed to the service of the public, such as the glacis of fortresses, streets, public promenades and amusements, to the nation and not to the king.

"It puts at the disposition of the nation, to be sold for the payment of its debts, that property which has hitherto been appropriated to the support of the established religion—namely, priories, abbeys, convents, and lands of all sorts attached to them.

"Therefore all is now settled; and one of our last decrees ordains a code of civil law to regulate the position of persons and property throughout the kingdom. This civil code will complete our work by effacing the last trace of Roman law and common law, which vary in different provinces, and throw us all into confusion.

"I will not talk to you now about public right, nor of the new divisions of the kingdom, of preliminary and electoral assemblies, of the meeting of representatives in the Legislative Assembly; of royalty, of a regency, of ministers; of the relations of the legislative body with

the king, of the exercise of the executive power, of the foreign relations of France; all these questions are regulated in detail by the constitution. But what most especially concerns us, what interests us, not once in two years, but every hour in our lives, is money. Therefore, during the continuance of the National Assembly, I have always paid particular attention to what became of your money and of my own, to know who asked for it, who received it, who had charge of it, and how it was expended. I was on every committee to examine into the question, and I knew you would be pleased at it, for one does not like to work for the idle; nor does one like to see drones consume what you have been earning. It is revolting and disgusting."

Then, in spite of Chauvel's recommendation, the old hall echoed with applause, and he could not help smiling, for he had touched the right chord, the peasant's tender point.

Maître Jean laughed with pleasure, and said—

"How right he is! how well he knows us!"

At length the noise was quieted, and Chauvel went on:—

"Formerly the whole country was under the king's tenure, our lord and supreme master, irresponsible chief of the state; our lands and our bodies belonged to him; what money he wanted provincial assemblies voted him, sometimes reluctantly, but still they voted it; intendants and collectors made the assessments; the parish boards, with their syndic, settled the amount payable by every commoner; the poor people paid, and his majesty had no accounts to render us. Well, the constitution has established now that the public taxes shall be discussed and fixed every year by the legislative

body, and that they are not valid beyond the last day of the ensuing session. You perceive in future you will determine your own contributions, since you appoint the persons who are entrusted with your consent. If you send peasants, you can easily believe they will not be very ready to tax themselves to benefit the courtiers; if you send others, it is your business; there are honest men in all positions of life, but you must know them well before you choose them.

"The legislative body is to be elected every two years, taxes are not to be in force after that term, and if they have not been voted anew, no one has the right to require a liard from you. This makes the strength of our constitution; the moment the legislative body refuses the supplies, everything is brought to a stand-still, and the king must give way.

"Also, that you who pay taxes may know what your deputies' conduct has been, detailed accounts of the expenditure will be printed and published at the beginning of every session. The same thing will be done with regard to the several taxes and the public revenues, so that every citizen who takes an interest in his own affairs has only to read his gazette once a year, he will see if his deputy does his duty by his fellow-taxpayers, if he votes with his eyes shut, or if he is too inattentive to these particulars. Then, if he is not a fool, a citizen must know what he has to do.

"I do not think a better control could have been adopted. It remains to be seen whether you are satisfied with the expenditure, for the constitution declares that the funds necessary for the payment of the national debt and the civil list shall under no circumstances be refused or suspended. For the national debt nothing

is more just, and I voted yes. A great nation like France cannot commit an act of bankruptcy, and lenders must know there is no better investment; each of us is liable, and we should be indignant if our representatives wished to make France bankrupt for us. That is evident.

"But as to the civil list, why should it have precedence over every other state service? Ought not our judges, magistrates, administrations, soldiers, to be as sure of their pay as the king himself? Why should the king receive his salary before those who constitute the life of the nation? I do not see any reason for it. I voted against it, and I look upon it as a defect in our constitution; but we will not waste our time over this; it is but a small defect, and besides, the Legislative Assembly has the right of determining every session the amount of the civil list for the next reign. This is a great remedy, nor can we doubt that our representatives will avail themselves of it, when in course of time the ancient habit of keeping up a crowd of lacqueys, valets, and courtiers becomes obsolete, and they begin to see how sad it is to impoverish the laborious for the benefit of the proud, idle, and worthless, who are a dishonour to the human race.

"Yes, that will come with the advancement of good sense and justice, but in the meantime, after all they have gone through, the people would be wrong to complain. Our gain has been immense; at last we have obtained what our unfortunate fathers have been praying for with upraised hands for ages; our rights are established on a solid basis, and we have arms to defend them; instead of being poor, crouching beasts we are become men.

"And now that we have the upper hand, notwithstanding the cries, the abuse, and the calumnies of the race which has been living at our expense, notwithstanding its attempts to set us against each other; now these honest people are emigrating by thousands to raise heaven and earth against us in Germany, and England, and Russia; while those who remain behind in France take advantage of the protection of the laws and of a religion of charity and fraternity to raise the ignorant population of the south and west against the constitution; now that these excellent Frenchmen are organising a civil war and an invasion to regain their privileges at any cost, my friends, I implore you, let us stand firm together; let us lay aside our present dissensions, let it be no longer a question of active or passive citizens; that is the only absolutely bad law which our enemies have succeeded in passing through the Assembly, the one great defect in our constitution; but it will disappear; the citizens must soon see that standing alone they will be crushed by the clergy and the aristocracy, and to gather, and, above all, to retain the fruit of a joint victory they must ally themselves with the people, and with their own hands wipe away these unjust distinctions of active and passive citizens.

"One word more.

"We have won; let us try to keep what we have won; and to do so, gentlemen, let every one impress on his own mind that he is a sovereign. Do you understand, a sovereign. That every official, from the first to the last, from the king to the keeper, has been appointed, not for their own private interests or in the interest of a dynasty, but for our own, for us who have appointed them and work to pay them. He whom I pay is my

servant. Understand this well, impress it on your children's minds; this is what will make the strength and grandeur of our country; and also, let us say every one for all and all for every one. Never let us allow the rights of a fellow-citizen to be impugned; should he cry out or protest, let us rush to defend him as we should to the fire of the enemy, and if any aristocratic official should attempt to infringe our rights, let us call on our fellow-citizens for assistance.

"I openly declare to you that he who allows the laws to be violated in his own person is a coward; he deserves to be trodden under foot, and chained to the yoke; and he who avoids going to the assistance of an oppressed citizen is a traitor to the nation. We have suffered enough from injustice and caprice for ages; we must now establish a great assurance among us, take the constitution as its base, and look on whoever violates it as our most dangerous enemy. In this fashion we shall be safe; should all Europe march against us to destroy us, we can look her calmly in the face; a great nation defending her rights, founded on justice and good sense, is invincible, and may defy the universe."

You may fancy the enthusiasm of the patriots after this speech of Chauvel, which old men among us still remember. The president, Raphael, gave him public thanks, he was made a member of the club by acclamation, and then we set off for Baraques about ten, just as the curfew was sounded at both barracks.

VIII.

It was in October, 1791, at the opening of the Legislative Assembly, that Chauvel showed what a man of business he was; in less than three weeks he had sold his house at Baraques to Letumier, who was about to marry his daughter Christine to a lad from Mittelbronn. He had hired the ground floor of old Baruch Aron, opposite the market at Phalsbourg; he had put up some shelves inside for his gazettes, books, and pamphlets; he used to receive great bales of books, which Margaret unpacked and set in order in their shop; his two travellers, Toubac and Marc Divès, went all over Alsace and Lorraine with their packs on their shoulders; everything went on flourishing; never had such a business been seen in the country.

Chauvel introduced those little tricoloured handkerchiefs on which the rights of man and the citizen were printed; all female patriots wore them. Then our opponents invented others with verses from the Apocalypse, and this inscription on the border: "If the buyers are not satisfied their money would be returned when the nation paid off its assignats."

Chauvel sold everything; as many little books written by capucins as political catechisms; as many émigrés' newspapers as numbers of the *Ami du Peuple*, or others; and one day Maître Jean took the liberty of telling him he was wrong; he answered him very cleverly—

"Let me alone, Maître Jean; our princes and seigneurs, our bishops and abbés, do us a great service by printing their ideas; they enlighten the people; they do our work for us better than we do ourselves."

At the same time, in order to give the patriots the means of learning cheaply the latest news, he established a sort of reading-room next to his shop, in the Rue du Cœur-Rouge, with a large table and benches in it; the table was covered with gazettes which had come the same day, and one could go in and read as long as he liked for one sou daily.

What a good plan! It had been in existence in Paris for a long time, but it needed a clever man like Chauvel to start it in our little town.

All that did not hinder his getting our club along famously, for he had been named president instead of Raphael Manque; and three times a week, after seven, the market was full of people.

Chauvel arrived. He got up on the platform, sat down in the arm-chair, put his snuff-box and his handkerchief on his right hand; after taking a good pinch, he would cry out—

"Gentlemen, the sitting has begun."

He then would open the *Moniteur* and begin to read the discussions in the Legislative Assembly, and sometimes those of the Jacobin Club, in the *Journal des Débats*. He would explain what many could not understand; and when the news had been read, he would cry—

"Well, gentlemen, this is our position at present; does any one wish to speak?"

Sometimes one, sometimes another, had something to say. They listened and answered. Not only were

citizens, workmen, and municipal officers there, but even Colonel Bazelaire, sent by the National Assembly to replace Sergeant Ravette, who was not sufficiently acquainted with manœuvres on a large scale. Every one said his say, and when ten struck, while the curfew was ringing at the town-hall, Chauvel would rise and say good-humouredly—

"Public affairs have been discussed; next Monday, Wednesday, or Saturday we meet again."

If I relate all this it is for your information; you may believe I had other ideas in my head. At that time I made my court to Margaret every Sunday, with my cocked hat, my boots cleaned with the white of eggs, and my great red trinkets hanging majestically from my fob. I was no longer that good Michel Bastien who thought he was clean if he shaved once a month. Since the arrival of Margaret I had seen it was not sufficient; many others thought her pretty, and liked to look at her large black eyes and beautiful hair, and I was not the only one who saw she was both witty and sensible. No, many others were of my opinion; not only workmen and peasants, but dandies, young officers of the Auvergne regiment, ci-devants in powdered wigs, who filled the shop with their scents, bought gazettes, laughed, and warbled to attract a smile. I saw that very soon. How I used to wash and shave! You should have seen me on Sunday morning, before my little looking-glass hanging in the garret window, shaving myself repeatedly; my cheeks shone like a new hatchet, and if I did not find myself smooth enough, I used to rub my chin with my hand; and as soon as nine had struck, and my mother was gone to hear mass by the refractory priest at Henri-

dorff, my father used to come gently upstairs and look at me from the top of the staircase, and cry—

"Michel, she is gone; shall I come and tie your tail for you?"

For it was he who arranged my tail for me; it was long and black, as thick as my arm, and during the week I was obliged to wear it inside my shirt, because it impeded my work at the forge. The excellent man used to plait it carefully for me; I see myself now sitting across a chair, and my good father combing my hair quite contented; he was proud of my back and shoulders, and used to say—

"I don't say it because I am your father, but all round the country there is not such a strong fellow as you are."

I felt it, and I should have liked to have talked to him about my love, but I dared not; I had too much respect for my father, and he knew very well I was in love with Margaret; I was sure of it. My mother, too, suspected it; she was preparing for action; and my father and I, without saying anything, were doing the same. It was likely to be a hard battle, but all the same we expected to win it. At last, in the little garret under the thatch, we dreamed about happy days. When I had finished shaving and dressing, and my good father had given me a brush down, he used to say—

"That will do; now you can go. Amuse yourself, my boy."

He had not amused himself much in his long life of labour; he had not had many happy moments; and now my mother quitted the cottage to go and hear mass at a distance of a priest who was breaking his

country's laws, and the poor man had to peel potatoes and get the dinner ready himself. You see the consequence of being too good!

I used to embrace him and set off with a light heart, while he looked at me from the door with a smile on his face, and all the old women would lean out of their garret-windows covered with rime to see me go by. I would go to the Three Pigeons and dine as fast as I could, and make my escape across the little garden for fear of being detained, for when the frost first set in the carriers often wanted their horses shod, and then I must have taken off my best coat and tucked up my shirt-sleeves.

In about a quarter of an hour I was in town, at the corner, by the house of the apothecary, Triboulin, who has been dead these sixty years; he would give me a nod as I passed, but I hardly looked at him; I could see Chauvel's shop at a distance, and the packets of pamphlets in the front windows. People go in and out with their newspapers—patriots, soldiers, ci-devants; and then I reach the door; Margaret, in a little white cap, active and lively, is behind the counter. She talks, and gives every one what he asks for.

"Here, sir, are the *Révolutions de Paris*—six liards. This gentleman wants the *Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*. I have just sold the last copies."

She is very busy selling; but as soon as she sees me, her face changes, and she calls out joyfully—

"Go into the library, Michel; my father is there; I shall come soon."

I shake hands with her as I go by; she laughs, and says—

"Go on; I have no time to talk."

I go in and find Father Chauvel writing at his desk; he turns round—

"Ah, it is you, Michel; very good; sit down; I must finish these four lines."

As he writes, he asks after Maître Jean, Dame Catherine, the forge, and all particulars. He goes on writing his four lines. At last I rise and say—

"I must go and read the news."

"Yes, go; I am just in the middle of an account."

Then I go into the reading-room, where I find the patriots reading the newspapers which came that morning. The tall Thevenot, member of the council-general of the commune; fat Didier Hortzou, the hatter in the Place d'Armes, who was succeeded later by Broussousse; young Doctor Steinbrenner, who was mayor for twenty years; the wineshop-keeper, Rottenberg; the upholsterer, Laffrenez; Dupreaux, chief apothecary of the military hospital; there they are, bent over their papers, and looking very serious. Some are writing letters, and I pretend to be reading, while I watch Margaret through the glass door, moving about in the shop, and who also looks through the small window and smiles; sometimes she comes in with a newspaper and gives it me while she whispers—

"Read that, Michel; you will like it."

I used to spend hours there, but I should be very much embarrassed to say what I had been reading. I had my whole week's happiness while I looked at Margaret, and I would not have exchanged that life for any other.

Father Chauvel used to laugh and call me "Muscadin" when he saw me so well shaved and dressed, and my tail so well plaited; and then I used to blush.

He often used to offer me his snuff-box, and cry out—

"Take a pinch, citizen Michel."

But what would Margaret say if I daubed my nose with snuff? I told Chauvel that snuff gave me a headache, and then he would laugh and call me an aristocrat who was afraid to soil his shirt-frill. He used to laugh at me, but at bottom he liked me; and he knew very well that I did not stay there from one till six or seven on Sundays only for the sake of pretending to read, or of talking politics with him. He was too sharp not to see things clearly enough, and if he let me smile at Margaret it was because he thought me a good lad, or he would have turned me out without hesitation. So he used to see me with pleasure, and my ideas corresponded, too, with his, only whenever he saw me he recommended me to read useful books. He lent me whatever I liked in his library; he had none but serious works in it.

As his house was sold, I went to read in my garret in the evening, and my mother would grumble about the oil my lamp consumed. It was a source of dispute in the cottage. Had I not taken the precaution of locking the books up in my chest every time I went out, I am sure she would have burned them. For years the capucins had been preaching that books were the soul's destruction, that they were like the tree of knowledge of good and evil, from which the serpent had gathered Adam's apple to cause our expulsion from Paradise, and similar follies. The books they most strongly prohibited were the Bible and the Gospels, because people would have seen that the rascals acted contrary to what had been commanded by our Saviour.

You may easily imagine from that in what a state of profound ignorance the world was living previous to '89. Chauvel was always pressing the people to learn at the club; he was right, for if distress is a horrid sore, the blindness of folly is a still greater one, and our country of Alsace and Lorraine was by no means the most behindhand in France, and I remember the indignation of the whole club when Chauvel read the report that Gensonné, the civil commissioner sent into the departments of La Vendée and the Deux-Sèvres, had just made to the Legislative Assembly respecting the religious disturbances there. From it we learned that there ignorance was still more extraordinary than with us, and that it might ultimately become very dangerous to the nation. In this report it was said that the peasants pursued the constitutional priests with guns and sticks at night; that the refractory priests continued to officiate at mass, heard confessions, and consecrated holy water in their own houses; that the intricacy of the roads and the simplicity of the poor creatures who had been brought up in the worship of images rendered their conversion to the rights of man very difficult if not impossible, the more so as a circular letter from the grand vicar Beauregard forbade the curés of La Vendée to say mass in the parish churches, that the faithful might not be corrupted by schismatic priests; but to assemble their congregations in secluded spots under a rock or in a barn, with a plain portable altar with a chasuble of cotton or other coarse stuff, and tin vessels, &c., assuring them that such poverty in the celebration of the holy mysteries would make more impression on the people than golden vessels, by re-

calling the persecutions of the early Christian Church, where so many martyrs had been found.

Yes, we understood how dangerous it was, and the same day Chauvel, after having read the report, explained to us that the refractory priests must have had orders to light up a civil war in France, while the émigrés at the head of the Germans would attempt an invasion. He said that was evidently our enemies' plan, and we must all hold together if we hoped to resist them.

All commercial travellers on their return from the other side of the Rhine gave us information that at Worms, Mayence, Coblentz more than fifteen thousand gentlemen were ready to lead the armies of Leopold and Frederick William into Lorraine when the time should come. It was absolutely necessary to take steps accordingly.

The Assembly passed a decree, November 9th, 1791, that the French collected on the right bank of the Rhine were suspected of conspiracy; that if they remained so assembled up to January 1st, they would be proceeded against as though guilty, and punished by death, and that their revenues would be confiscated to the profit of the nation.

The king just put his veto on this decree. Agitation then became redoubled in Brittany, Poitou, and the Cévaudan; the monks who were sent there raised calvaries at all the crossings of the roads; they distributed chaplets, medals, and indulgences among the passers-by; they declared null and void all marriages celebrated by constitutional priests, and all their sacraments sacrilegious; they excommunicated the municipal

officers who had installed them, and ordered the faithful to hold no communication with the intruders.

Then we saw women quit their husbands, children abandon their fathers, and the greater part of the peasantry of those provinces renounce the service of the National Guard. It is about the time when Jean Chouan began to move in Lower Marne, like Schinderhannes and his band in our country; they began in a small way by robbing stables and farmyards; but at the end of two or three years they became notorious, especially Jean Chouan, who was recognised by the nobility and clergy as a stanch supporter of the altar and the throne, and who gave his name to the armies in La Vendée.

The Legislative Assembly wished to put a stop to these disorders, and decreed that the priests who had not taken the oath should be deprived of their pension, that they could no longer do duty, not even in private houses, and that if religious troubles arose in their commune, the department would compel them to reside elsewhere. Well, the king vetoed this decree also; he approved of everything which could harm us, and rejected what might be our salvation. Letters which he wrote about that time to the King of Prussia, begging him to use despatch, have since been discovered; it has been proved that he had an understanding with our enemies, and that he only thought about himself and his privileged orders. If the greatest misfortunes occurred afterwards, are we to be blamed for it? Were we to allow ourselves to be robbed by persons who had done so from father to son for ages and ages, and who called us a conquered race?

The Legislative Assembly, in which Brissot, Verg-

niaud, Gaudet, Mathieu Dumas, Bazire, Merlin (de Thionville), &c., could agree together on no other topic, were yet united in opinion that Louis XVI. did not deserve our confidence, and Queen Marie-Antoinette still less. The whole nation thought as they did. We were excessively uneasy, and during the winter of '91, '92, which was very severe at the foot of our mountains, people used to sit round their fires and say—

"We shall never see next year's crops! We shall have war in the spring; we cannot go on so; we had better be massacred at once than live as we do, and the sooner the better."

Ah! the king and queen, the fine court ladies, the great lords, and refractory bishops, whom the world has not ceased to pity for the last seventy years, and consider as martyrs, might have come to us and seen the huts of our woodcutters and lumberers, to learn to think themselves happy in having millions yearly to spend, while honest hardworking people had not sufficient potatoes to live upon. They might have thought that in endeavouring to recover what they formerly unjustly held, in writing to our enemies, in exciting civil war in the kingdom, in opposing decrees for the establishment of order, and in deceiving and lying every day, in calumniating the patriots, in looking on their fellow-creatures as beasts of the field, and trying to keep them under their feet, in the name of Him who sacrificed Himself to save them—these people might have reflected they were no models of virtue, and that God Himself would punish them terribly in time.

Sometimes, when bad news got abroad, either at market or in the villages, a feeling of rage took possession of the crowd; patriots grew pale as they looked

at one another; and then all grew calm again. It was one drop more in the vessel of wrath, which was filling gently, and would one day run over.

I remember one circumstance with pleasure, and that was the marriage of Christine Letumier and Claude Bonhomme, the son of the Mittelbronn wheelwright, in January, 1792. It was the first constitutional marriage at Baraques. Letumier, who was called the rich Letumier since his fortunate investment in national property, had invited several of his relations from the Messin country. They did not all come, but his cousin Maurice Brunet, president of the Courcelles Club, and his cousin Suzanne Chassin, daughter of a gunsmith of the same place, arrived.

Poor Christine, with no ill-will to me because I loved another, had chosen me to be Margaret's valentine. What a good girl! I could almost have loved her for it. When she took me by the hand and said to me, "Here is your valentine," my eyes filled with tears, my heart was full as I looked at her; she smiled at me with rather a sad air, and said—

"Are you pleased, Michel?"

"Yes, indeed," said I; "be happy, Christine; may all the world's happiness attend you!"

Chauvel, Maître Jean in his uniform of lieutenant of the citizen guard, Cochart Huré, Raphael Manque, our former president, and many others were at the wedding. The mayor's office swarmed with patriots; and when Joseph Boileau, his sash round his stomach, pronounced with a majestic air the words of the constitution, "The law unites you," a cry of "Vive la nation!" made all the windows shake in the hall, and was heard on the Place d'Armes.

It was a different thing to a simple entry in a curé's register, the leaves of which were often lost, so that people were sometimes ignorant of their birth and wedding days. I have known several in this position; and when the old papers of the parish church were arranged in order to be copied into a register by civil authority, the work was entrusted to Freylig, the secretary of our commune. This new ceremony pleased every one; and Jean Kat, with his hat adorned with tricolour ribbons, played the clarionette before us back to Baraques.

Once outside in the fields we were obliged to run to keep ourselves warm. Margaret was on my arm. Christine, before us, seemed quite consoled with Claude Bonhomme, and the old people behind us chattered as they hurried along. Chauvel was as gay as a bird; Letumier, with one hand on his hat to prevent its being blown away, cried—

"We must remember it was January 3, 1792, and that it was not warm."

To tell the truth we all cried with the cold when we reached the Three Pigeons. What pleasure it was to enter the large room which was well warmed, where the table was already spread! for the wedding was to be celebrated at the Three Pigeons; Mother Letumier never had done anything but cook her dinner on Sundays. What a feast! I will not trouble you with a description of the dinner, nor with the feelings of Mother Letumier, nor the appetite of the guests; Chauvel talked about the new patriotic ceremonies which were soon to replace the customs of savage Gaul; jokes were cracked of all sorts, especially the coarser witticisms of the older men, which the young people had sense

enough not to notice. What a time! how it all fades away and disappears!

Margaret sat by my side; we laughed and talked; I looked in her black eyes, and offered her everything.

What happiness it was to be able to talk to her without constraint, to call her my valentine, and to see she looked pleased at me, and paid attention to no one else!

In the evening the house was filled with boys and girls from Baraques, who came there to dance, for in my time no wedding took place without a dance. Jean Kat began to play the Esterhazi-Houzard waltz in the great room looking on to the garden. I took Margaret by the arm, and said—

"Come, my valentine, there is Jean Kat's clarionette."

Margaret was quite surprised; she asked me where we were going.

"Why, we are going to dance."

"But I don't know how to dance!"

"Nonsense! all girls can dance."

Many others were already dancing gaily, and I tried to get Margaret along in the whirl, but she could not dance at all. Her feet could not keep the step. I could hardly believe it.

"Come," said I, "let us try again; it is not at all difficult."

And I showed her the steps in a corner. We tried again, but she really could not. I was so disappointed. Some of them came round us and laughed; Margaret was disgusted, and said in a tone of displeasure—

"I can't do it—you see I cannot; go and dance, and I will help Dame Catherine."

And off she went. Many a girl looked at me, as much as to say, "I know how to dance; come, Michel, come."

But I would not have any one else. I went out into the passage. Margaret went into the kitchen, where Mother Lctumier, Nicole, Dame Catherine, and Suzanne Chassin were getting very angry, and crying out—

"It is disgraceful—singing songs against the queen; men must have lost their senses."

And so on. In the great room I heard the patriots laughing like mad, and singing a song about "Madame Véto." Cousin Maurice was singing it, and the others followed with the chorus.

Of course I went to see what it was about. When I opened the door, I saw a most extraordinary spectacle. Cousin Maurice, in his sky-blue coat, with very large lapels and collar, his two watches, with their chains and trinkets on his yellow breeches, his great shirt-frill, his tricolor cravat, and his three-cornered cocked hat on his head, was dancing a most grotesque dance, one foot in the air, his knee close to his chin; he cut all sorts of capers, singing the song of Madame Véto all the time—a song full of horrors against the queen; and all the patriots round the table, with red noses and inflamed eyes, laughed till they fell over their chairs. Cousin Maurice kept on dancing all the time, holding down his head, throwing his legs in the air, and singing—

"Madame Véto a fait ceci!
Madame Véto a fait cela!"

This song began with the affair of the cardinal. It had dozens of stanzas, one worse than the other; I was ashamed of it myself; but all those who were there,

and had suffered so long from court extravagance, enjoyed it and did not think it too bad.

At last Letumier himself was led to join this furious performance of cousin Maurice, then Maître Jean, and then the ex-president Raphael.

How all things change in this world! This inn of the Three Pigeons, where the officers of the Rouergue, Schénau, and La Fère regiments—all counts, dukes, and marquises—used to come and dance their stately minuets with the town ladies, moving about gracefully to the music of their little violins, their wine cooling in the spring, and their dishes brought from town in baskets on the back of an old soldier—this inn was now spectator of a new sort of dance—the patriotic dance. It would have made the nobles open their eyes and their ears too, to see men dancing like the possessed of Saint-Guy, and to hear the song of "Madame Véto," which was kept on always the same.

I never saw such a scandal. The women outside were perfectly right, but it had no effect on the patriots. Chauvel was not dancing, but he sat at the end of the table and looked on, pale with satisfaction. He marked the time by tapping his knife against the table, sometimes calling out ironically—

"Courage, Letumier—that's it. En avant, Maître Jean. President Raphael, you are improving."

And now, if you want to know what that dance was and that song, brought among us for the first time by cousin Maurice, I will tell you; it was the famous "Carmagnole" of which the whole world has since heard, which the Parisians danced afterwards on the Place de la Révolution, and even when they marched against the enemy's cannon—

"Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son, vive le son,
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon."

The whole revolution was contained in this "Carmagnole;" a stanza was added to it every time a new event happened; the former ones were forgotten, while the new made people laugh.

It was about ten when Chauvel, seeing the patriots were exhausted, and were going to begin with hot wine, cried out—

"Citizens, you have danced and amused yourselves, and it is time to go to bed to attend to our business to-morrow."

"Bah!" said Maître Jean; "we can wait till midnight."

"No! I have had enough," said Chauvel, reaching down his overcoat, and the town patriots followed his example.

"You must have one glass of hot wine," said Maître Jean.

"No, thank you," said Chauvel, "the best things have their limit," shaking hands with Letumier; "good night, citizen Maurice."

I put Margaret's cape and hood on for her, and told her to wrap herself up well, for it was terribly cold.

She was rather pensive, but Chauvel seemed very well satisfied, and called to Margaret to make haste.

I did not intend leaving my valentine so soon. She gave me her arm. I had drawn my otter-skin cap over my ears, and we walked on first along the path, which was covered with snow. It was a fine January night,

when you can see the blue and white hills one over another for a long distance, and at intervals the village church towers, the roofs of the farmhouses, and long avenues of poplars. Such nights are the coldest in the year, and the ice is as crisp as glass under your feet. How beautiful the sky is with the stars quivering, either blue or pink, and thousands farther off and farther still, all white almost like dust; how it elevates your thoughts, and how you feel a wish to understand such boundless and infinite greatness! And when the warm hand of the girl you love rests on your arm, when you feel her heart beating close to yours, and the same thoughts of love and admiration occur to you both, what do you feel of the cold then? You never think of it, you are too happy, and you would like to sing a psalm like the old people.

Yes, the church, God's temple, is one of these beautiful winter nights. Chauvel, Raphael, Collin, and the rest of the patriots were talking behind us; just as we approached the glacis I began to sing an old peasant's song, which I recollected from childhood; my voice sounded so far in the night and in the wintry stillness. I don't know now what it was, if it was not love, Margaret's hand rested more tenderly still on my arm; she said to me in a low tone—

"How fine and powerful your voice is, Michel! You sing so well!"

Those behind had ceased talking to listen. When we reached the glacis Margaret said we must wait for them.

So we turned back. Father Chauvel said to me when he came up—

"I did not know you sang so well, Michel; I had

never heard you. It is your father's voice, but deeper and fuller—a real peasant's voice. When the song of the rights of man is composed, you shall sing it at our club."

"Ha!" said Raphael, "I should prefer the 'Carmagnole.'"

"No," said Chauvel, who had grown serious again, "the 'Carmagnole' is a joke. It is all very well to laugh at among patriots after a glass of wine, but we want something better, something great and powerful like the people."

Then we said farewell, and they went up the narrow path of the glacis for a short cut home. I stayed where I was; I saw Margaret move away, and my heart felt a pang. She was last of all. When they came to the turn in the path she turned round.

Here is the story of that day and that fine night; it has remained deep in my heart, and I have repeated it to you most faithfully.

IX.

About this time ideas of war prevailed again, for our enemies' boldness increased daily: not only did the refractory priests raise La Vendée, but the Archbishops of Treves and Mayence, and the ci-devant Bishop of Strasbourg, and that respectable cardinal De Rohan, the cause of so many other scandals, recruited all the vagabonds on the frontier to invade us. The recruiting sergeants, who were old excisemen, toll-collectors, and other revenue servants, distributed money everywhere to kidnap the rascals of the country round.

This was going on openly; but at last our indignation broke out. First Chauvel, and then Lallemand of Lixheim, and all the chiefs of the clubs connected with the Jacobins, denounced these infamous proceedings; and notwithstanding the silence of the king's ministers, who closed their eyes to the émigrés' manœuvres, Camille Desmoulins, Fréron, Brissot, cried so loudly against it that they were obliged to send orders to put a stop to it.

At Lixheim one of these recruiting officers lodged at the Grand-Cerf: every one knew he was collecting men on account of the emigration; for the nobles all wanted to have commands; not one of them had the least intention of shouldering a musket; they must have the

peasants even for the defence of their own cause; as for them, they were born lieutenants, captains, or colonels by the grace of God.

One morning this recruiting officer was about enrolling some lads who had been sent to him by the refractory priests of the country, when suddenly the national gendarmes knocked at the door. He looked out of window and saw their cocked hats; he escaped by the back door and hid himself in a hayloft. But he had been seen; the corporal climbed up after him, and seeing nothing he thrust his sword slowly into the hay, saying, "Where is the rascal? He isn't here, nor here!" when a loud shriek betrayed his hiding-place; and the corporal, drawing his bloody sword out of the hay, said—

"I was wrong; I think he is there under the straw."

They took the poor wretch out; his name was Passavent; he had but one eye; the sword had gone through his body, so that he died the same evening, and very fortunate too, for they found in his room letters from nobles, giving him sums of money to be employed in exciting civil war, and other letters from refractory priests in Alsace and Lorraine who sent him lads to enlist; he ought to have been hanged without mercy.

So he was buried, and all that month numerous arrests were made—recruiting agents, refractory priests, and all sorts of vagabonds. Father Eleonore disappeared for a time; my mother was in despair, not knowing where to go to perform her religious duties.

All these wretches cared for was to stir up troubles among us, and many of those who were massacred later in the prison of the Abbaye were of this descrip-

tion, lawless and faithless, and capable of selling their country to the foreigners for money and privileges.

We knew there were three assemblages of troops on the Rhine—that of Mirabeau Tonneau, near Ittenheim; of Condé, near Worms; and the most considerable at Coblentz, where our seigneurs, the Count d'Artois and the Count de Provence, were.

Only one prince of the blood, the Duke of Orleans, who afterwards called himself Louis Egalité, remained in France; his son, colonel of the Chartres dragoons, was with the army of the north. Figure to yourself the uneasiness of our country; all these émigrés might by a forced march be upon us in one night. You must not think they frightened us; had they been alone we should have laughed at them; but the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria supported them; and then they had disorganised our army when they deserted their colours. However, we saw all their strength came from our enemies; and we saw all the more how stupid we had been to give up our money to them for so many years when they could have done nothing against us without assistance.

I remember the 6th of December, Saint-Nicolas' Day, our club was very much amused. Apropos of these émigrés, Joseph Gossard, a wine-merchant in the neighbourhood of Toul, tall and thin, with a red face and curly hair, a true Lorrainer, gave us an account of the round he had been making at Coblentz, with his samples in his trunk.

I fancy I see him now, leaning over the platform, describing in what confusion all these nobles, monks, superiors of convents, canons, canonesses, great seigneurs and great ladies, were; and the quantity of servants

who had followed them, to comb their hair, and wash, dress, and undress them, as if they were children; but who could no longer live at their expense, for they had not a sou.

Nothing was ever heard like it. Gossard imitated their grimaces among these poor Germans, who could not understand a word they said. He imitated an old marchioness in her furbelow, long cane, and knick-knacks, in an hotel at Worms. This old woman had some money left, so she ordered them about right and left; the chambermaids looked at her, and kept saying—

"Wass? wass?"

"Wass! wass!" cried the old woman, "I only told you to warm my bed, you fools!"

All our club burst out laughing.

And then he imitated the old seigneurs, who danced about to give themselves a dissipated and careless air, as if they were at Versailles; young ladies who were looking after their husbands; capucins who mounted guard on the place at Treves with other priests enlisted in the red-coated companies; the astonishment of those who rushed to the post-office expecting to receive bills on Amsterdam or Frankfort, and who found letters with nothing in them, in which their intendants informed them that monseigneur's château, woods, and lands were sequestrated by the nation.

Gossard opened his eyes wide and let his face fall; we could see these people who had lived so long at the expense of other people tormented for six weeks by the waiters for money. And then, at the Hôtel du Rhin, he described to us the terrible General Bender—who was to bring us all to reason—relating his last Belgian

campaign, where he had hanged and shot the patriots, so that the country was now in a perfect state of tranquillity. But the best part of it was the despair of the elector when he learned that the émigrés had quartered our princes in his palace without asking his permission, as if they were his masters. Maître Jean held his sides with laughing, and Chauvel said he had never been more amused

Joseph Gossard gave the same entertainment at all the clubs on his road; he was received with shouts of applause everywhere; that man might have made money by giving representations of his journey to Coblentz; people would have willingly paid to see it, but he did it all out of patriotism, and was satisfied to amuse them and sell his wine.

I tell you this story to show you the sort of people who lived on the labour of the French nation before '89; and what puts their want of good sense in a stronger light is the answer which monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., gave to the National Legislative Assembly, which invited him to return to France if he wished to retain his possible right to the regency.

Here is his answer:—

"Members of the French Assembly styling itself National. Sound reason, in virtue of Heading 1st, Chapter 1st, Article 1st, of the imprescriptible laws of common sense, directs you to return to your senses again within the delay of two months, dating from this day, failing which, and at the expiration of the said delay, you will be considered to have relinquished your right to the qualification of reasonable beings, and you will only be considered as lunatics worthy of a madhouse."

This is the answer given by a royal prince to the

nation which offered him the regency in case of his brother's death. It was well worth the trouble of crushing a great people with such a terrible weight of taxation, and leave it the burden of millions of debts, to bring up creatures of such limited understanding. The poorest village lad would have profited more by the money expended on his education. All these émigrés together would not have been a mouthful to the nation; but the sovereigns of Europe, frightened at the awaking of a sensible people, which might set an example of courage to others, still threatened us. One talked of nothing but war, and the dispute began at the Jacobins, between Brissot and Robespierre. Brissot was for immediate war with the émigrés, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria. Robespierre said our real danger was at home, and that we ought first to fight the traitors who were waiting to betray their country in order to recover their privileges. This was the ground of his speech, which Chauvel sold by thousands; citizens, soldiers, and peasants, every one wanted it; his shop was constantly full; Margaret had hardly time to sell them.

This struggle became fiercer; the club was divided; Danton, Desmoulins, Carra, Billaud de Varennes, sided with Robespierre; they said the king, the queen, the court, and the émigrés wanted a war to recover themselves; that they were driving us into it; that it was the last resource of vanquished despotism; that we ought to be on our guard, and not risk losing what we had won. Brissot persisted; he belonged to the Legislative Assembly, which at that time, like the Jacobin Club, was divided into two parties, the Girondins and the Montagnards. The Montagnards wanted to finish

everything at home first, the Girondins wanted to begin abroad.

Louis XVI. inclined to the Girondins; he had nothing to lose by them. If we conquered, victory would put into his hands a great force to stop the progress of the revolution. Armies always side with a king who wins battles and has promotion to bestow. If we were beaten, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria would establish everything with us as it had been before the States-General. That was what Queen Marie-Antoinette desired. She hoped to owe her throne to our enemies.

The Girondins, therefore, Brissot, Vergniaud, Gaudet, Gensonné, &c., were in the interest of the court, and the Jacobins, Robespierre, Danton, Couthon, Billaud de Varennes, Desmoulins, Merlin (de Thionville) were on the national side. That is all I can tell you about it.

The nearer war approached the more terrible was the agitation; the greater the distrust felt for the king, the queen, their ministers, and their generals. We saw plainly their interest was not ours, and what ruined the Girondins in the minds of the people was the fact that at last Louis XVI. chose his ministers from among them.

But these things are all well known, and I will only speak of our own province, and what I have seen myself.

The expectation of invasion from January 1st, 1792, until March increased daily. Phalsbourg was armed, cannon were mounted on the ramparts; they made embrasures in the turf, and with fascines along the slopes. The war minister, Narbonne, inspected the frontier fortresses to see them put in a state of defence. At

last every sensible man saw that danger was at hand. In the meantime the boldness of our enemies at home increased. The society of Apostolic Roman Catholic citizens was reinforced; they assassinated the constitutional priests on the by-roads, plundered their houses, and devastated their gardens. A Strasbourg deputy loudly complained to the Jacobins that the directory of the Upper Rhine had taken no steps to put an end to these outrages. More than fifty patriot priests had been murdered, and citizens who complained were arrested by the very men whose duty it was to protect them. The mayor Dietrich was accused all over Lower Alsace of neglecting his duties. Assignats in consequence of these disturbances went down seventy per cent., which was just what the aristocrats wanted. Judge of the despair of the people and the fury which seized them in consequence. If, some time after, Schneider, the vicar-general of the bishopric of Strasbourg, in revenge for the cowardly assassination of constitutional priests, sent dozens of refractory priests to the guillotine, can one wonder at it? It is indeed terrible to become executioner, but one cannot offer one's own throat to the knife like a sheep. It would be very convenient for the bloodthirsty to have nothing to dread. Those who slay must expect the same fate.

While patriots were murdered on all the roads, foreign spies went about the country spreading false news and circulating forged assignats, which were produced by émigrés at Frankfort. No strangers were trusted, no news communicated. Even at the club they were careful, and those who wished to join it had to be first proposed. Work still went on at the forge. Maître Jean was always in hopes of beginning to culti-

vate Pickeholtz again; he had only two months to wait, for some seeds are not put in with us till March; but when he thought the war might break out about that time, and the émigrés and their friends the Prussians and Austrians come and burn the barn he had just built, and the new roof which he had just put to his farmhouse, devastate his fields, and perhaps hang him to some tree in the orchard, this idea so excited his indignation that every evening he could not sufficiently curse the aristocrats, and would cry that instead of waiting their arrival it would be far better to march to the Rhine, disperse their assemblages of troops, and burn the farmhouses, barns, and crops in the electorate than to see the wretches burn ours, steal our grain, drink our wine, and enjoy themselves at our expense. He sided with the Girondins, and insisted that volunteer patriots would not be wanting for such a service, and declared that in case of necessity he would put himself at the head of his company, descend the valley of the Sarre, and drive all before him who offered any resistance.

Alsatian and Lorraine peasants who happened to be passing the Three Pigeons listened to him with great satisfaction; they made a noise, called for wine, and sang "Ca ira!" in chorus.

So the state of things became every day more aggravated.

In February we had rain. Many said the seed would rot in the ground, and we should have a bad year. Reports of famine began to circulate, and there was a scarcity of everything. In the south the dread of famine, added to the preaching of the refractory priests, foretelling the end of the world, threw every one into

despair, and led the way to those fearful excesses which we have since seen.

In the club the watchword was "No war!" Chauvel was against it; he insisted it would be a very great misfortune, and that we should allow good ideas time to take root, and above all profit by the time which we had at our command, to pull up the weeds which were choking the grain. He unceasingly advocated concord and union, of which the enemies of the human race were doing their best to deprive us by keeping us at variance as much as possible, and holding all together themselves to be able to give a good account of us.

"Our only chance," he used to say, "our only chance, do not forget it. If the patriots, workmen, citizens, and peasants unite, there is nothing to fear; divided, they are lost; ancient privileges will reappear; these will again undergo all the miseries attendant on existence; those, all the enjoyments."

He told us great truths, and, as has been seen since, we profited by them. The patriots remained united, and they have done great things, not only for France but for other countries.

Lafayette was no longer mentioned, nor Bailly, Duport, nor the brothers Lameth, who used to be called the "Feuillants," and were supposed to have sold themselves to the court. After the king accepted the constitution, Lafayette had resigned the command of the National Guard; he afterwards wished to become Mayor of Paris, but the electors having chosen Petion, he had left for Auvergne. The *Courrier*, the *Orateur du People*, the *Débats des Jacobins*, and other gazettes which Chauvel received, troubled themselves no more about him, when the National Assembly having summoned

the electors of Treves and Mayence to disperse the émigrés, these electors refused to do so, and required the reinstatement of those German princes who held possessions in Alsace. The Emperor Leopold declared he should march to the assistance of the electors if they were attacked. The king replied, if these bodies of émigrés were not dispersed by the 15th of January, he would have recourse to arms, and the Assembly decreed an accusation of conspiracy against the king's brothers, the Prince de Condé, and Mirabeau the younger. Three armies were organised, each of fifty thousand men, under the command of Luckner, Lafayette, and Rochambeau; from Dunkirk to Philippeville, from Philippeville to Lauterbourg, and from Lauterbourg to Basle.

Every one expected war to break out, but it was delayed until March, and during that time the fury of the royalists burst out against the Jacobin Club; their gazettes called it a brigands' cave, and those of the Feuillants, written by Barnave, André Chenier, and some others, repeated the same abuse. But the Jacobins made them no answer; they were no longer worth the trouble. The real struggle lay between the Montagnards and the Girondins. It was in February, 1792, that it began, and we knew it could only end by the death of one party or the other.

Since the creation of the world, perhaps, never have such orations on war been read; every man of feeling was obliged to take part in this struggle; his own rights, his blood, his life, his family, and his country were at stake. But every one can now read them and judge if I have exaggerated the genius of these men.

Our excitement had become so great, the Parisians and the provinces were so determined to get rid of all

those who stood in their way, and who annoyed and threatened them; they were determined to preserve their property and their rights, and had such a detestation of all who either by fraud or force should try to rob them of what they had won, that they would have fallen on them all in a body like wolves, when Leopold, Emperor of Austria, who had just sent forty thousand men into the Low Countries, and twenty thousand on the Rhine, died in consequence of his excesses. He had taken stimulants to such a degree that they killed him. Then some good people thought his son Francis, King of Bohemia and Hungary, in the interim of being crowned Emperor of Germany, would be more reasonable, and that he would withdraw his troops from our frontiers, since our disputes could not affect him. But, on the contrary, this young prince was hardly seated on the throne, before, acting by the advice of the aristocrats and priests of his own country, he summoned the National Assembly not only to restore their lordships in Alsace to the German princes, but to re-establish the three orders in France, and give their property back to the clergy.

This was too much. He thought he was talking to servants, and needed only to talk loudly to be obeyed. No patriot remained calm, our blood boiled, and on the 23rd of April, notwithstanding Chauvel's opposition, who declared that war was to the advantage of kings but not of the people, every one wanted to fight. Maître Jean was to move at the club a declaration of war against Austria by the National Assembly; he wanted to oppose Chauvel himself, and reproach him for not being sufficiently alive to the national honour, the first of all possessions.

Sometimes anger inclined me to Maître Jean's views, sometimes good sense to those of Chauvel.

All Monday it rained; sadness and indignation rendered us dull; every moment we ceased working to curse the wretches who were exposing us to these insults. At last, when supper was over, about half-past seven, we set off, Maître Jean and his great red umbrella, Letumier in his overcoat, and the rest of the patriots behind in a string.

When we arrived at Phalsbourg we saw that the excitement was at its height; people were running from one house to another; they were to be seen talking in groups at the dark corners of streets; we thought it was in consequence of the motions which were to be made at the club; but once on the place we saw something else. Chauvel's shop was wide open, and so full of people that there was quite a swarm in the street, and in the shop in the midst of all these people leaning over one another was Margaret, standing on a chair with a gazette in her hand.

As long as I live I shall never forget Margaret as I saw her that evening, her small brown head under the lamp near the ceiling, her bright eyes and animated face, reading the paper with enthusiasm.

She had just finished a sentence as the Baraquins rushed in out of the mud, and as they tried to elbow their way through the crowd, it naturally caused a disturbance; she turned round, and cried out clearly and distinctly—

"Listen! This is the decree of the National Assembly; it is France who speaks!"

Then she recommenced reading—

"'Decree of the National Legislative Assembly—The

National Assembly, in deliberation on the formal proposition of the king; considering that the court of Vienna, in contempt of treaties, has never ceased to grant its avowed protection to Frenchmen in rebellion; that it has formed a league with several princes of Europe against the independence and security of the French nation; that Francis I., King of Hungary and Bohemia, after its notes of the 18th of March and 7th of April last, has refused to give up this league; that, notwithstanding the proposal which was made to it by the note of March 11, 1792, for both parties to put their troops on a peace footing, on the frontiers, it has continued and increased its hostile preparations; that it has made a formal attack on the sovereignty of the French nation by declaring its intention of supporting the pretensions of German princes holding possessions in France, to whom the French nation has repeatedly offered an indemnity; that it has endeavoured to divide French citizens, and to arm them against their brethren, by offering the malcontents the support of the powers leagued against us; that the refusal to reply to the last despatches of the French king leaves him no hope of obtaining redress for these several complaints by peaceable negotiations, and is equivalent to a declaration of war:

"'Decrees it a case of urgency.'"

At that moment I was suddenly seized with enthusiasm, and waving my hat in the air, I cried—

"Vive la nation!"

All the others behind me repeated it.

Margaret looked at me quite pleased, and then said, as she raised her hand—

"Listen; it is not all."

Silence was established, and she went on—

"'The National Assembly declares that the French nation, faithful to the principles sanctified by the constitution, to undertake no war of conquest, nor ever to employ its strength against any nation's liberties, only takes up arms in defence of its own liberty and independence; that the war it is called upon to wage is not a war of nation against nation, but the just defence of a free people against the attack of a king; that the French will never confound their friends with their real enemies; that they will neglect nothing to soften the calamities of war, to protect and spare property, and cause all the unavoidable evils of war to fall only on those who have banded themselves together against liberty; that it adopts at once all foreigners who, forswearing the cause of its enemies, should come to serve under its colours, and devote their energies to the defence of liberty; that it will second with all its power their settlement in France:

"'Deliberating on the formal proposition of the king, and having decreed it a case of urgency, it declares war against the King of Hungary and Bohemia.'"

Hundreds of cries of "Vive la nation!" were raised on all sides; they reached the barracks, and the soldiers of the Poitou regiment, which had replaced the Auvergne, showed themselves at the windows waving their hats. The sentinels hoisted theirs on the points of their bayonets; people stopped one another in the street and shook hands, saying—

"It is done—war is declared."

We were all feverish with excitement, notwithstanding a fine rain which covered everything like a mist.

Margaret had left her chair; I went up to her through the crowd; she put out her hand, and said to me—

"Well, Michel, we are going to fight!"

"Yes, Margaret! I was of your father's opinion; but since we are attacked we will fight for our rights or die."

I still pressed her hand, and looked at her with admiration; she seemed handsomer than ever; her cheeks were red, and her great black eyes full of courage, when Chauvel, bareheaded, and his hair flattened down on his head by the rain, came in from the street with five or six of our best patriots, whom he had gone to inform of the news.

"Ah, there you are," said he, when he saw us in the shop; "the rain has not kept you at home—right—I am glad of it; we shall be all together."

"Ha!" cried Maître Jean, "so we are to have war, in spite of you, this time."

"Yes," said he, sharply; "I did not want it, but we will do our best since the others have so willed it. Come!"

And we went to the club opposite. A great din filled the old building; every corner was full of people. Chauvel got on the platform, and without sitting down began speaking in a distinct and impressive tone; he told us he had wished for peace, the next greatest blessing to freedom which men could possess; but since war has been declared, he who could wish otherwise than for his country's victory, who would not sacrifice his fortune and his blood to defend the national independence, was a most miserable coward.

He told us it would be no ordinary war; it mean

freedom or slavery for men; everlasting injustice or every one's rights; the greatness of France or her degradation. He told us not to believe that all would be over in a day, but to husband our strength and our resolution for years to come; that despots were about to send against us all their poor soldiers, brought up in ignorance and in respect for privileges; and instead of embracing we should shed torrents of blood, and fight till death.

"But," said he, "he who defends his right by force is just; he who seeks to raise himself above the rights of others is criminal; justice, then, is on our side."

He told us, moreover, that this war on our side would not be a war of soldiers, but a war of citizens; that we should fight our enemies, not only with guns and bayonets, but with reason, good sense, and good feeling; that we could offer them good and evil at the same time; and, dull as they were said to be, these nations would at last understand that they were defending their own chains and collars against those who came to break them; then they would bless us and rally to us, and the rights of all be founded on the basis of eternal justice. He called that a war of propaganda, wherein good books, good speeches, offers of peace alliances and advantageous treaties would march in the advanced guard in company with the rights of man.

In conclusion, when he spoke of others who were waiting to attack us in the rear, he grew pale, and said it would be the frightful side of the war if these people continued their intrigues; for the patriots would be compelled to apply to traitors, in order to save the country, the same laws of blood which they destined for us. Then this man, so firm, who always gave most

solid reasons for what he said, became affected, and the whole club started when they heard him say, in a broken voice—

"They will have it, unhappy people, they will have it. We have offered them peace a hundred times; we stretch out our hands to them; we say to them, 'Let us be equal; let us forget your injustice; let us think no more of it. But commit no more wrong; renounce your unnatural privileges.' But their reply is, 'No, you are our rebellious slaves; God has ordained you should grovel in the earth before us, and keep us with the fruits of your labour, from father to son. We will neither reject an alliance with our country's enemies, nor shrink from domestic insurrection, nor from open treason, nor from whatever may aid us in putting you once more under the yoke!' Well, if we in our turn shrink from nothing to remain free, what reproach can they make us? I have done; citizens, let each man do his duty; let each man be ready to march when France calls on him to do so. Let us remain united, and let our rallying cry be, 'Live free or die!'"

He sat down. The enthusiasm was like the rolling of thunder. Those who have not seen similar scenes cannot form an idea of them; workmen, citizens, and peasants became brothers; there were but patriots and aristocrats, to love and to hate.

Others spoke on the subject also; our mayor, Boileau; Pernett, the contractor for the fortifications; Collin, &c. But none made the same impression as Chauvel.

We reached home very late; it rained all the time, and on the road, in the darkness of night, every one reflected in silence. Maître Jean alone from time to time raised his voice; he said the first requisite now

was to have patriot generals, and this question alone gave rise to serious considerations, as the king would appoint them. To enthusiasm succeeded distrust, and in spite of ourselves we thought Chauvel was right when he said that traitors were our greatest danger. The numerous ideas which pass through one's head at such a moment are not to be described. I can only say I felt a great change in my life impending, and that I should have to march, without doubt; and that love for my country was for me, as for thousands of others, to take the place of love for my village, the old cottage, my father, the forge, and for Margaret. While thinking these things over I mounted to my garret. It all looked very serious; but, nevertheless, in spite of what Chauvel had told us of the patience we should require, neither Maître Jean, nor Letumier, nor myself could have believed we were beginning a war to last for twenty-three years, and that all the nations of Europe, beginning with the Germans, would come with their kings and princes at their head to subdue us, because we sought their welfare at the same time as our own, by proclaiming the rights of man; no, such folly is unnatural, and it is with difficulty one can understand it, even when one has seen it.

X.

You must know for several months many young National Guards had joined the army as volunteers; notaries' clerks, sons of employés and tradespeople, strong, educated, and courageous lads. Rottenbourg, Neuingre, Duplain, and Soye were of the number. Some have died for their country, others are become captains, colonels, and generals. They were enrolled at the commune; they received a bounty of eighty livres, and joined Rochambeau at Maubeuge, Lafayette at Metz, or Luckner in his camp between Bitche and Belfort. We used to think, when we saw them leave—

"These are the real supporters of liberty. If the Austrians rout these fellows, we shall have some trouble to replace them."

Only fancy our astonishment when, April 29th, the news came that our national volunteers had retreated before the Austrians without waiting to cross bayonets, and that our regular soldiers had followed their example! It seemed so impossible that people said—

"Refractory priests have spread this report; they must be hunted out of the mountains."

Unfortunately, the same evening a Paris courier confirmed this news. Our paid National Guards and other troops had set out from Valenciennes in three columns

to surprise Fleurus, Tournay, and Mons, where the patriot inhabitants were expecting us. But Rochambeau, who had just been named marshal by the king, as he acknowledges in his journal, April 20th, had given notice to the Austrian general Beaulieu by a private letter that he was about to attack him, so that our columns, full of confidence in their advance, found a force of three times their strength in position on the road, with guns and cavalry and all that was needed to defeat them.

It is Rochambeau himself who relates this story to the king. If, in later times, Bonaparte, Hoche, Massena, Kleber, and other republican generals had given our enemies notice of their intended movements, I do not think they would have gained many victories.

The same gazettes asserted that the national volunteers as they fell back cried out—

"We have been betrayed!"

Many men of sense thought they were right, and insisted that those officers of noble birth who still remained in the army intended to betray them. Every one cried, "Treason!" and it was not only at our club that such opinions were held. See what the *Moniteur* of May 3rd, 1792, says:—

"A deputation from the Cordeliers presented itself at the bar of the National Assembly. The spokesman of the deputation said—

"'Three hundred of our brothers are dead; they have had the fate of the Spartans at Thermopylæ. The public voice asserts they have been the victims of treason.'

"A hundred voices cried—

"'Turn those fellows out!'

"The cries became louder. The deputation was obliged to retire. Some Montagnards asked leave to speak. The assembly passed to the order of the day."

The majority of this Legislative Assembly, elected by active citizens only, was not in favour of equality. Lafayette was its God, and Lafayette wanted to have two chambers as in England, the first to consist of nobles and bishops, the second of the commons. The first chamber would possess the king's veto to check whatever the commons might attempt against the interest of the privileged orders. This was re-establishing the three orders abolished by the Constituent Assembly. Fortunately Louis XVI. and Queen Marie-Antoinette distrusted the marquis, and the Duke of Orleans was backing the Jacobins, whose power increased daily.

Treason was spreading in La Vendée, Brittany, the south, the centre, along the frontiers, and even to the Legislative Assembly. But what gave us the greatest blow was that in the same fortnight as that in which Rochambeau was beaten by General Beaulieu, when all the scoundrels rejoiced over our defeat, when refractory priests announced God's vengeance on the patriots, when the émigrés called our National Guards an army of cobblers, on the 10th of May—I shall always remember it—we heard that the evening before, at eleven, the brave hussar regiment, Saxe, which had cut down the patriot soldiers of La Fère, which had been approved by the king, had just deserted in a body to the enemy, every man having received six livres the day they went over; also that on the same day, May 9th, at five in the morning, the Royal Allemand regiment had left Saint-Avold on the pretext of

a march out for exercise, and had crossed the bridge at Sarrebruck, with arms, horses, and baggage. Such was these respectable leaders' plan: in the north, the desertion of the generals; in the east, desertion of the men; in our rear, insurrection in the provinces.

I had been expecting something of the sort for a long time. Since my meeting with Nicolas after the Nancy massacre I felt that a worthless fellow, without sense or education, and who could only talk of his colonel, his captain, his king, and his queen as a servant talks of his master, would be capable of treason, and would turn his sword against the country which had fed him. I did not intend to tell my poor father this; but how was he to be made acquainted with such terrible news? The report of these desertions had reached the village. People were already talking about them, and from one minute to another some ill-disposed neighbour might go into the cottage and tell the old people out of mischief, as so frequently happens in the world.

I set off in my shirt-sleeves in very great trouble, thinking I might do better if I told him of our misfortune quietly myself; but when I saw my father working at the cottage door, and he smiled at me as I went up to him, I was so distressed that I forgot all caution, and as he came to meet me under the little shed, I called out to him—

"Such a misfortune! Nicolas has deserted to the enemy!"

I had hardly spoken before I was shocked at my stupidity. I shall never forget the poor old man's cry. He fell on his face as if he had been struck dead. I am very old myself now, and I can still hear that

cry; it was something frightful, and I grow pale when I think of it.

I could not stand. I leaned against the wall. If some neighbours had not come, I should have fallen down by him.

My mother, too, came out of the cottage crying out—

"What's the matter? What has happened?"

The great woodcutter Rougereau, who was carrying my father in his arms, replied—

"This is the work of your brave Nicolas, who has just deserted."

She disappeared, and I went into the cottage just as Rougereau laid my father on his bed. I sat down by him with my head on my knees. The perspiration ran from me like water. I wished to cry but could not.

Amidst such distress it is, however, a great consolation to know how many friends a good man possesses whom he did not know of before his misfortune. I could not have believed it. The whole village, men, women, and children, with tears in their eyes, came to see good Father Bastien. The rickety old cottage was full of people, stepping lightly and leaning over the old linen curtains, and saying—

"Poor Father Bastien! that rascal Nicolas has given him his death-blow."

When I saw that, I understood the others had more sense than I, and I bitterly reproached myself. When I heard Maître Jean say, "My poor old friend!" my heart broke, and I groaned out aloud that I had caused my father's death. However, for all that my father did not die. Doctor Steinbrenner, whom Margaret had despatched as soon as she heard of the accident, attended

him very successfully, and he recovered, but with a pain in his side; he seemed to be choking sometimes. People constantly came to see him, and he would smile and say, "It's nothing." My mother could not keep these people away. I saw by her face she was put out by it, for it was the condemnation of Nicolas, and Nicolas was the one she loved.

One thing had a great effect upon her; Jean-Pierre Miralle, our neighbour, told her that Nicolas could never return to France without being tried by court-martial and shot. Miralle had been a grenadier, and was acquainted with military law; but still she did not believe him, until afterwards Maître Jean told her it was true, and that traitors were only received with shots in France. When she thought she would never see Nicolas again, she put her apron to her eyes and went into the fields to cry.

Some time after, one day when we were alone, and my father put his hand to his side as if he had a difficulty in fetching his breath, I asked him if he felt pain there.

"Yes, my boy," said he, after looking to see if my mother was gone out, "as if some one had pricked me under the left nipple."

He remembered the letter of Nicolas when regimental fencing-master in the Royal Allemand regiment, and made an attempt to smile. But almost immediately he burst into tears, and lifting his hands above his head, he said—

"Oh, my God! pardon him, pardon him! The unhappy boy does not know what he is about!"

That is all he ever said, but he suffered considerably, and sometimes at night, when every one was asleep in

the cottage, and he thought I slept also, I could hear him groan in his bed.

I kept as cheerful a countenance as I could. Every day when I went home I sat down by my father and told him how Etienne was improving, and that he walked better, and every Sunday I sent for him to visit his parents. That day things went on well; the poor man's face changed, his eyes showed how he felt; he thought no more of Nicolas, and said—

"We are the happiest people in the world."

But during the week—in those days which begin at five and end at nine in the evening, during which time a basket-maker is always bent over his work—his only pleasure was to hear me whistle and sing as I came in; for I had got into that habit to conceal my uneasiness; each time he got up and came to the door, saying—

"Is that you, Michel? I heard you. Have you been busy to-day?"

"Yes, father, very."

"So much the better. Wait—sit down there while I finish this basket."

My mother remained in her corner, her hands crossed on her knees, her lips pressed together; she said not a word; she was thinking of Nicolas.

When I went to town Margaret used to give me a parcel of newspapers, and every evening I read one to my father, who chiefly admired the speeches of Vergniaud and the other Girondins. He was astonished at their courage, and began to see better why the people ought to rule. These novel ideas entered with difficulty into the mind of the poor old man, so long a slave under the rule of the seigneur and the abbey. His mind always reverted to the past; he could

not believe in the equality of men, and that the only difference between them was that of virtues or ability. Old ways of thinking are not easy to change, although in the end a man of feeling would find himself on the side of justice, which is the reason why my father ended by understanding these things.

As may be supposed, after the treason of the Saxe Hussars and the Royal Allemand, Marshal Rochambeau, attacked on all sides, could not preserve his command. He resigned it, and our three armies on the frontier became but two; that of the north from Dunkirk to the Moselle, under Lafayette; and that of the east from the Moselle to Jura, under Luckner, an old German hussar who could hardly speak French.

The Austrians, instead of advancing, waited a long while for the King of Prussia, Frederick William, who was in no hurry to move, notwithstanding the complaints of the émigrés. Most fortunate indeed was it for the nation, which was alive to its danger; they had discovered they had no muskets, and if the enemy had taken advantage of our dismay to invade us, we could hardly have offered any resistance. Every patriot wanted a gun, but the arsenals were empty; they had been obliged at first to arm the volunteers with old rubbish of the time of Louis XV., the locks of which refused to act. Everything was in keeping. The old cannon were honeycombed; the balls, either too large or too small, fell to the bottom of the cannon at once or stuck fast in the muzzle. The powder was always good and dry, because the powder-magazines of Phalsbourg, cut out of the solid rock, are perhaps the best in France.

Such was the state of things, which was perhaps why the idea of using pikes spread over the mountain. All

May, 1792, we had an enormous amount of work to do. A model for pikes was sent from Paris. The shaft was of hornbeam, seven feet and a half long, the head fifteen inches, shaped like a billhook, sharp on both sides, with a hook on the lower part by which to hold cavalry. I have often said to myself while working at this cramp—

"I hope this cramp will pull the vagabond off his horse who cost my father so much regret. I hope it may catch him by the neck."

I conjured up all this till I got into a rage; my hammer flew up and down. What thoughts for a brother to have! Here is civil war already dividing, not only men of the same country, but even children of the same mother.

We must have forged a thousand or fifteen hundred pike-heads in a couple of months. I was obliged to engage two more journeymen, and Maître Jean, to help me, only went to his farm at Pickeholtz once a week. It was worth while seeing us stripped to our shirts, with the red cap and cockade on our heads, working away in the street, surrounded by fifty or sixty mountaineers, every morning, before the Three Pigeons. The forge was too small for such work, and the furnace was kept alight from morning till night. One journeyman did nothing but carry the iron between the fire and the anvil.

Maître Jean was in his element; he wore a great red cap which half covered his whiskers, and when the perspiration was pouring down our backs, and we could hardly breathe, he kept crying out—"Get on, get on; ça ira! ça ira!" And the hammers went on rattling like a diligence over the stones of the street.

We did get through some work then. Hot weather had come again; the village was quite green; it was splendid weather, but in the evening the journeymen, Maître Jean, and myself were so tired that we preferred lying down after supper to going to the club, except on Saturday evening, as we could lie in bed late on Sunday morning and make up for lost time.

It has happened once or twice in my life that when travelling about on the mountain I have found one of these old pikes among the woodcutters or lumberers behind the bed-head, or against the clock-case. The people did not know what it was! I would take the old rusty pike, look at it, and turn it over, and then past patriotic times would come into my mind; and I used to think—

"You may have been all over Alsace, Lorraine, and Champagne. You may have parried the blow of one of Wurmser's lances, and the roar of Brunswick's cannon may have failed to appal the hand which grasped you."

Those far-distant histories reappeared. I heard the cries of "Vive la nation!" "Vive la liberté!" "Vaincre ou mourir!" How the times have changed! How indeed, and men too!

In the meantime, elsewhere the Feuillants accused the patriots of factious conduct; the Girondins called the Montagnards friends of anarchy; the Montagnards reproached the Girondins with having provoked a war which had begun so badly; they accused them of glorifying Lafayette, the man of the Champ de Mars, the man who moved votes of thanks to Bouillé after the Nancy massacre. They said, "Deprive Lafayette of his command, since the ministry is in your hands. Lafayette is

a general, in violation of the article in the constitution which forbids any member of the Assembly to accept employment from the king until four years from the date of the dissolution of the Assembly have expired. Take his command from him, then. It is your duty."

Marat told the soldiers to shoot the generals who betrayed them; Royon asserted in his gazette that the last hour of the revolution had come; in La Vendée a Marquis de la Rouarie levied taxes and collected arms and ammunition in the king's name; nobles who wanted to get to the enemy enlisted under false names among the volunteers in the hope of escaping into Switzerland or the Low Countries. The worst was the continued preaching of refractory priests, who described the patriots as brigands, and the king as a martyr, and excited young men to join the apostolic Roman Catholic citizens; distributing among them hearts of Jesus embroidered by noble ladies, and white ribbons ornamented with mottoes to wear round their hats.

There were no bounds to the fury of these people, especially on Palm Sunday in April. Before the revolution the peasants used to come to town on that day carrying fir-branches to have them blessed; there were processions in the streets, and Protestants, Jews, and Catholics alike were obliged to hang tapestry from their windows. It was with difficulty that Jews and Lutherans were allowed to close their shutters during the singing round the altars set up in the streets. But many patriots, Chauvel at their head, having complained of this ceremonial, the municipal body, at the requisition of the procureur of the commune, had ordered that as the new constitution allowed every man the free exercise of his religion, in future no one should

be obliged to display either tapestry or leaves and flowers before his house; that the National Guard could not be put in requisition for any religious ceremonies, and that no citizens could be compelled to close their shops as the procession passed. You may believe on that day the citizen guard was under arms, and that hundreds of Valentines and Father Benedicts, and other similar wretches, had come on purpose to offer opposition to the law. But the commandant having ordered his men to load in their presence, and the constitutional priest having had the good sense to celebrate his procession inside the church, they went away furious at not having dared to effect any disturbance.

But in the south and the west things took another turn. The gazettes informed us that even in Paris peaceable citizens had been shamefully ill-used for not taking their hats off to a procession. They were even dragged in the dirt! Since then fanatics committed all sorts of outrages, especially in the Upper Rhine; every day we heard of a curé whose house had been burnt, his fruit-trees destroyed, and himself sometimes murdered also. Round us these ruffians did not make much progress; but as our troubles increased, and news was unfavourable, their audacity became greater. Towards the end of May we saw the curé Christopher coming along the street; two fellows like beggars were walking before him in torn frocks, bareheaded, their hair hanging over their faces, and their hands tied behind their backs. They were fastened together and kept their eyes on the ground, while the curé, with his holly club in his hand, and three of his parishioners armed with forks, were conveying them to town. All the mountaineers at the

forge turned to look at them, and Maître Jean, when he saw the curé approaching, cried out to him—

"What is it, Christopher? You seem to have taken some prisoners!"

"Yes," said the curé, "these two scoundrels, with three others of the same sort, attacked me yesterday evening, between Spartzprod and Lutzelbourg, as I was returning from visiting my brother Jerome; they fell on me on both sides with hatchets and knives, and cried, 'Death to the renegade;' but I gave them a good reception with my bludgeon; three ran away, and these two were knocked down; I took them prisoners myself, and took them to the vestry-house, where my parishioners mounted guard on them all night. We shall see what complaint they have against me, or what I have done. Had it been the first time I should have been satisfied to have punished them myself; but this is the third time I have been attacked. The first had only clubs, but these fellows had axes and knives. See, Jean, where they have wounded me."

M. Christopher opened his cassock and showed us his chest, round which there was a piece of linen soaked in blood.

"I have been wounded in three places," said he, "one in the shoulder and two in the ribs."

When we saw that we were in such a rage that if the curé had not pushed the two rascals in the corner by the pump, we should have knocked out their brains with our hammers. But he stretched out his arm before them and said—

"Stop, stop! I did not want your assistance to kill them. The law must have its say; we must know whence it all comes."

And while the crowd was loading these brigands with abuse, he told his parishioners to take them away, and followed them himself, saying—

"I shall pass by this evening, and I will tell you all about them."

We talked of nothing else all day: Maître Jean said—

"Well, it is pleasant to be strong; any one else but Christopher would certainly have been murdered; but he and his brother Jerome from Hengst are two of the most powerful men in this country. All tall, red-haired, freckled men are strong. They are the old breed of mountaineers."

Then he began to laugh, and cried—

"What a surprise for the others, who expected to take him unawares! How they must have looked when they got such a shower of blows!"

He laughed, and we all laughed, and said—

"Yes, they must have been astonished; they never expected such a downpour."

But we became indignant again when we thought of the cuts from axes and knives which had been given the curé, and we expected that the new machine mentioned in all the newspapers, which was to replace the gallows, would be tried on those scoundrels. It had been tried in Paris a fortnight ago, and they called this terrible invention the advance of humanity. Doubtless it was an advance, but such inventions are always a bad sign; the capucins who said the time was coming for its use were not far out; they must have confessed it themselves ultimately; their prediction was truer than they thought.

The curé Christopher, passing by Baraques in the

evening, came to the inn and had a glass of wine, as he had promised Maître Jean, and told us the two prisoners were in the town dungeons; that the magistrate, M. Fix, after a long examination, had drawn up a report, and was going to send them to Nancy, where they would soon be disposed of.

And this is how this sort of religious war became so aggravated in our country—the sermons of the refractory priests were the cause; and it was much worse in the south and in La Vendée; many more complaints came from thence to the National Assembly, for two days after the curé Christopher passed Baraques, we saw this decree posted up everywhere: on the church doors, at the town-halls, and the schools:—

"The National Assembly having heard the report of the committee of twelve, considering the troubles excited in the country by ecclesiastics who have not taken the oath require the employment of immediate means to repress them, decrees it to be a case of urgency.

"The National Assembly, considering the efforts continually made by nonjuring ecclesiastics to overturn the constitution, do not believe in the wish to unite themselves to the social compact attributed to the said ecclesiastics, as public safety would be compromised by admitting as members of society men whose endeavour is to destroy it; considering that penal laws are without effect against these men, who, acting on the consciences of others on purpose to mislead them, almost always screen their guilty manœuvres from the notice of those who could put a stop to them and punish them; after having decreed the urgency of the case, decrees as follows: The transportation of nonjuring priests will take place as a measure of public

security and of general policy in the following cases and according to the following forms."

Then one saw a dozen articles stating the cases in which nonjuring priests were to be transported; the chief of these articles amounted to this:—

"When twenty active citizens of the same canton joined in concert require the transportation of a nonjuring ecclesiastic, the directory of the department shall be bound to order the transportation, if the opinion of the directory of the district agrees with the petition."

It was a terrible decree, but it was a case of perishing or protecting oneself! When men have been warned, when they have been prayed and entreated to be just and reasonable, when they have had repeated offers of peace, which they refuse, and attack us each time more furiously than before; when they stir up civil war and call in the help of foreigners, then indeed, if we are not fools and cowards, we have but one means of putting an end to it—that is, by proving that we are the stronger, and by treating them, not as men of peace, but as soldiers in revolt against their country. If the nation had been conquered, what would have been the fate of the patriots? Brunswick, the friend of the nobles and refractory priests, is about to tell you in his proclamation.

This decree, then, was necessary. Well, Louis XVI. vetoed it.

It was also said that the émigrés were returning to Paris in thousands; that they held secret meetings there, and that we should have very bad news.

The National Assembly, wishing to prevent the disturbing of order by these men, ordered a camp of 20,000 men to be formed near the capital. But the king put

his veto on this decree too. At the same time he sent Mallet-Dupan to the Prussians to press them to hasten their advance, and to proclaim on their march that they had no quarrel with the nation, but only with the seditious, and that they merely came in the cause of legitimate government, and to put down anarchy.

See this honest man, this good king, in concert with his people's enemies. Pity him, indeed! he wanted to put the halter once more round our necks; if he had succeeded you and I should be at work still for convents, abbeys, and lordships; we should have to pay all the taxes again; our children could never hold any rank in our armies, nor fill any office but that of capucin, lackey, groom, or house servant; we should be as miserable as ever; but monks, courtiers, and idlers would prosper and sing his majesty's praises. The poor man has failed; the patriots have vanquished the kings of Europe and established and maintained justice at home. What a misfortune! he is to be pitied! and the queen too, that kind-hearted Marie-Antoinette, who said every day that the Prussians and her nephew, the King of Hungary, Emperor of Germany, would march and deliver her, over the bodies of two hundred thousand Frenchmen!

The Girondins, having at last seen how they were played with by the court, determined to force an explanation from the king, and the minister Roland addressed him a letter requesting him to be frank and declare himself either for or against the nation; if for, that he should sanction the two last decrees; if against, that he should maintain his veto, and then the people would know that Louis XVI. sided with the enemies of France.

It was just; he said to him—

"Your majesty was in the enjoyment of great prerogatives, which you believed to belong to royalty. Brought up in the idea of their preservation, you could not see their loss without displeasure; the desire of recovering them was as natural as the regret felt at their deprivation. These feelings enter largely into the calculations of the enemies of the revolution; they reckon on secret favour until circumstances shall admit of avowed protection. This disposition cannot escape the notice of the nation, and it has maintained this state of distrust. Your majesty, therefore, has had the alternative of yielding to private affection, or of making sacrifices exacted by necessity, and consequently to embolden rebels by disquieting the nation, or to pacify the people by joining them; everything has its day, and the day of doubt is come.

"The declaration of rights is become a political gospel, and the French constitution a religion for which the people are ready to die. All sentiment has adopted the tones of passion; excitement is extreme; it will break out in some terrible manner, if a reasonable confidence in your majesty's intentions cannot calm it; but this confidence is not to be based on protestations, it can only have actions for a foundation. It is no longer time to draw back; there is no possibility of temporising; the revolution is made in men's minds; it will be completed at the price of blood, and cemented by it, if there be not wisdom sufficient to anticipate those evils which may be avoided; a short delay, and the people with grief will be bound to see in its king the friend and accomplice of conspirators."

The king, by way of reply, dismissed the Girondin ministers, but the National Assembly voted that the

ministry carried with them the regret of the country, and that Roland's letter should be sent to the eighty-three departments. The king then appointed Dumouriez war minister. This general was a very shrewd man; when he saw that in spite of his advice Louis XVI. would not sanction the two decrees, he preferred resigning and accepting a small command in the army; so that the king, finding no man of sense willing to risk the danger of his two vetoes, was very much discouraged. The queen gave him confidence by saying to him—

"The Prussians will soon be here; have patience for a little while, and do not be discouraged. The priests, too, they are all for us; affairs are looking very well in La Vendée," &c.

This has been reported by one of Queen Marie-Antoinette's waiting-women, and I believe it to be true, because it is just as it used to be at home when my father lost courage, and my mother would say—

"Never mind, the time of drawing for the militia will soon be here; we shall be able to sell either Nicolas, Claude, or Michel. One of the three is sure to draw a white ticket. We shall be easy then; we can pay off the usurer, and with the rest we can buy a cow or a couple of goats."

It is always the same story: instead of selling one of us the queen would perhaps have given up Alsace. All France was afraid of it; this idea was a heavy weight on our hearts, for the poorest Baraquin loved his country better than those people did. I am sure of it, real patriotism is only to be found among the people; they love the land they cultivate; the others love places where they can gain pensions by doing nothing—at least, so it was then.

Every evening motions for exterminating everybody were proposed at the club, and Chauvel constantly repeated—

"Be calm! be calm! anger can do us no good; it disturbs everything. These two vetoes have been an advantage to us; the enemy is beginning to unmask; it is better to see his face. Up to the present moment we have been in doubt; now we have none; they have sought to create agitation, trouble, and dissensions among us. It is our enemies' plan. The greater the necessity for union and coolness. They will not have confederated patriots near Paris—a greater reason for sending the best. Let every man prepare to march; let those who remain subscribe their money to pay them. Let every man do his best. Attention. Let us remain united, and have no dissension."

Among provincial clubs, ours, in consequence of Chauvel's good sense and firmness, was perhaps the best. Our motions were sent to the Jacobins, and sometimes they were referred to during their sittings.

Suddenly Lafayette, who had hitherto been considered a good patriot, and been supported by the Girondins against the Montagnards, unmasked his batteries, and it was seen they were pointed at us—that he sided with the court and laughed at the people.

What he had done up to the present moment was mainly through vanity; now he put on his old nature; he was a marquis! and a dangerous marquis, since he was at the head of an army, and he might try to lead it against the National Assembly.

This was the first time danger from such a quarter threatened us; since then other generals have had the

same idea. Fortunately Lafayette had won no great victory; after a trifling affair before Maubeuge, where the Austrians had been beaten, he said, "My army will follow me," but he was not sure of it, and contented himself by writing a very insolent letter to the Assembly, in which he declared the Jacobins were the cause of all disorder, called the Girondins intriguers, and gave a sort of order to the Assembly to dissolve all the clubs, and to withdraw its two decrees respecting refractory priests and the camp to the north of Paris. After that trust marquises, friends of Washington, a soldier without a victory who wants to give orders to the representatives of his country! Since then M. the Marquis de Lafayette, once the friend of Washington, now the court's defender, was a known man. The king liked him no more than the patriots; he was too much of a republican for him, too much of a marquis for us.

The National Guard, since his departure from Paris, had joined the people; the citizens and workpeople were united, as in '89. Petion's good sense had brought them together; and when they saw the insolence of this marquis they agreed to celebrate the anniversary of the tennis-court oath, which fell on the 20th of June. Chauvel had spoken about it a week before in his back shop.

"It is the greatest national fête," said he; "yes, the tennis-court oath is, in its way, worth the taking of the Bastille. These two great fêtes ought to be put in the calendar as the passage of the Red Sea and the arrival on Sinai among the Jews!"

The day before the 20th, even before hearing of Lafayette's letter, which we did not get till the 24th, Chauvel said—

"We shall not be able to celebrate this oath at Phalsbourg; in a fortified town we must have the minister's permission, and I would not ask it; all the same, I invite you to-morrow after dinner to take a good glass of wine in honour of this day; we shall not be alone in France."

We understood that something was about to take place—that he knew it, but was too prudent to tell us.

Every one knows now that the 20th of June the Parisians rose early, and, led by Santerre the brewer, Legendre the butcher, Rossignal the jeweller, and some other patriots, an immense crowd of men, women, and children, with cannon and pikes, colours, and breeches hanging from poles, went to the National Assembly, shouting "A bas le véto! vivent les ministres Girondins!" and singing "Ca ira!"

The National Assembly threw open its doors to them; about twenty-five or thirty thousand marched through for three hours, and then they went and paid a visit to the king, queen, and their ministers at the Tuileries.

The National Guard, no longer under the command of Lafayette, instead of firing upon them, fraternised with them, and they all entered the palace together.

The poorer people were astonished at the works of art and luxury which they saw there for the first time; they also saw the king, surrounded by his domestics, in the recess of a window. The butcher Legendre told him he must sanction the decrees; that the people were tired of being taken for fools; that they could see things clearly, and were not to be deceived. This was the speech of a plain-spoken man.

The king promised to observe the constitution. He

then got on a table, put the red cap on his head, and drank a glass of wine to the health of the nation.

There was a great tumult in the saloon; but Petion came at last and told the patriots, who were passing their time in looking about the palace, that if they remained there any longer the enemies of the public good would misinterpret their motives; he also told them they had shown the dignity of freemen, and the king would reflect with calmness on what his decision ought to be. They saw their mayor was in the right, and they began to file off through the apartments, saluting the queen and the princesses, who, with the little dauphin, were sitting in one of the large saloons. This filing off lasted until evening.

This has been represented by many as a crime of the people against the king. The more I think of it the simpler and more natural it appears to me. Of course no man is especially pleased at seeing a great crowd of people in his house; but a king ought to be the father of his people. Louis XVI. had said so a thousand times.

Well, if it was true, and if he thought so, he ought not to have been surprised; there is nothing more natural than to ask a father for what one wants. But I believe he said so as he had said other things, and this visit from his children frightened him, as they came too unceremoniously; and as there was no want of Valentines then, there was no end to their regrets.

On the other hand, the patriots had hoped that Louis XVI. would have reflected on seeing this mass of people, and would have sanctioned the two decrees—so thought Chauvel. But the king maintained his veto, so that altogether the affair was a failure, and our enemies profited by it.

They might have been sure of it. The party of the Feuillants, and the soi-disant constitutionals, Barnave, Monnier, Lally-Tolendal, Duport, the brothers Lameth, who always talked to the people about respecting the constitution, and advised the court to destroy it—these people, half the National Guard, and seventy-six departmental directories, cried that all was lost; that there was no respect for the king; that Santerre, Rossignal, and Legendre, and all the chiefs of the manifestation of the 20th of June, should be brought to trial, as well as Petion, for not having fired on the people, as Bailly did on the Champ de Mars; and Lafayette himself, instead of remaining at his post, watching the eighty thousand Austrians and Prussians assembled at Coblentz to invade us—Lafayette left his duty and came to Paris to require, in the name of the army, the chastisement of the insurgents of the 20th of June.

He was honourably received by the Assembly, which did not prevent the Girondin Guadet saying—

"When I heard M. Lafayette was in Paris I immediately thought we had no longer any enemies abroad—the Austrians are vanquished. This illusion has not lasted long; our enemies are still there, and, yet M. Lafayette is in Paris. What powerful motives can have brought him here? Our domestic troubles? Does he, then, fear the National Assembly has not sufficient power to repress them? He constitutes himself the mouthpiece of the army and of all respectable people. These respectable people, where are they? This army, how did it come to this decision? I believe M. Lafayette takes the wishes of his staff for those of the whole army, and I say that if he has left his

post without the minister's permission, he violates the constitution."

That was clear.

Lafayette is the first example of those generals who afterwards deserted their armies to come and seize upon power under the pretence of serving their country.

He ought to have been arrested and tried by court-martial. If he had been condemned to have a cannon-ball chained to his leg for ten years, as a private soldier, he would not have been in such a hurry to go to Paris without orders.

At last, after having denounced the Jacobins at the National Assembly, he hurried to offer to escort their majesties to Compiègne, whence the king could order the revision of the constitution, establish the monarchy in its prerogatives, and the nobility in their civil privileges. He, Lafayette, would undertake to carry out the king's wishes, and if Paris resisted to treat it as a city in rebellion. This we found out afterwards by letters from Coblentz. But the king and queen gave him a cold reception.

The queen wanted to be rescued by the Prussians and not by Lafayette, who had dragged her from Versailles to Paris, surrounded by a crowd in rags, crying out, "Here is the baker, his wife, and the little apprentice!" She could not forget it, nor accustom herself to the idea of any constitution, and still less to see in M. Lafayette the saviour of the monarchy. The absolute rule of the Prussians and that of her nephew Francis, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Emperor of Germany, was much more preferable. Lafayette, seeing that the days of the white horse were gone, tried all

the same to raise the National Guard to exterminate the Jacobin Club; but Petion forbade the rappel to be beaten. No one came, and the marquis in despair quietly returned to his army near Sedan.

The patriots saw through his treason, and the Assembly received petitions from all quarters to demand the punishment of traitors, and especially of Lafayette.

It was about the beginning of July, during the greatest heat in the year, that thousands of confederated patriots, without troubling themselves about the veto, set off to organise a camp of twenty thousand men; they started in small bands of five or six, in their blouses, with red caps on their heads, and with a change of clothes and shoes in a handkerchief at the end of a stick, crying—

"To Paris! to Paris!"

The elder ones, when stopped on their road to take a glass of wine or beer, would say—

"We are going there to defend liberty, resist oppression, and punish traitors."

They were covered with dust. My heart beat when I saw them pass, turn round to wave their hats and caps in the air, and shout to us—

"Adieu! You shall soon hear of us!"

I would have followed them, but the idea of father and mother, Mathurine and Etienne, who could not do without me, kept me back. It was hard to stay behind.

The king's minister Terrier then wrote to the directories of all the departments to stop and disperse these assemblages by all reasonable means; to remind the districts and municipalities that the magistrates ought

on their own responsibility to order police-officers, the national gendarmes, and all public forces not to allow these people to leave their native place under pretence of going to the capital. But his letter had no effect; on the contrary, all the clubs were against it, and Chauvel declared it was treachery; that every facility had been given to the Prussians and Austrians to unite their forces; that the road into our native country had been, as it were, cleared for them, and that now they had recourse to the veto and the threat of martial law, and other abominable devices, to prevent the citizens from doing their duty. He discovered also that the king's servants, disguised as National Guards, went everywhere, turning the federals, whom they called sans-culottes, into ridicule, as if poverty was a crime. Very often a poor man had more heart and more self-respect than rascals like them, for it is not difficult to be a valet, and one earns more money that way than by working at a trade from morning to night. It was universally considered to be time to put these people in their proper place, and the National Assembly passed a decree that those citizen National Guards who had been induced to come to Paris through attachment to the constitution, either to join the army of reserve at Soissons or to go to the frontiers, should enrol themselves at the municipality; that they should be present at the federal fêtes of July 14th; that they should receive billets for military quarters during three days, that then the municipality would give them the route for their destination, where their battalions would be organised and paid on a war footing.

This decree did good; it was sent by a special messenger to the eighty-three departments, and the king,

the queen, the courtiers, and the ministers at last understood the veto was not final; and notwithstanding that Luckner fell back before the Austrians according to orders from government, in spite of the junction of ninety-five thousand Austrians and Prussians at Coblentz with twenty thousand émigrés ready to invade us; notwithstanding Bouillé's fine plan, who kept his promise to show the foreigner the road to France, and whom Frederick William, Francis II., and the Duke of Brunswick had summoned to their councils; in spite of his fine plan of attacking Longwy, Sedan, and Verdun, which would hardly offer any defence, and then to march on to Paris by Rethel and Rheims, across the fine plains of Champagne, where they would find in the granaries and barns of our peasants the means of supporting their invasion; notwithstanding the preaching of refractory priests, which severed Brittany and La Vendée more than ever from our revolution, and the raising of the Lower Languedoc peasantry by the Count de Saillant, the king's lieutenant-general; in fact, that in spite of all the treasons of the nobility, the court, and the bishops united against us to establish the king's good pleasure, the game was not in their favour. Yes, if these people had but possessed a shadow of common sense, they ought to have seen that armies of cobblers and lawyers, as they called us, dreaded neither the grenadiers of Frederick nor the lancers of the King of Bohemia and Hungary, nor "the illustrious descendants of a haughty race of conquerors."

In the first place, it is a different thing to fight for oneself to getting one's head broken for a prince, who would afterwards lay you aside like a useless crutch. This idea must have occurred to them, and I think to

Louis XVI. also; for, some time after, letters were found in the iron chest, despairing letters, in which he spoke of the trouble and uneasiness which the creation of the army of cobblers and lawyers caused him, and whom he would have preferred to see fighting one another.

I shall never forget the passage of the federals, nor the terrible cry from France when, at the beginning of July, the famous speech of the Girondin Vergniaud was published in the country, and when each of us recognised our own opinion of the treachery of Louis XVI. in that of the National Assembly. Chauvel himself read this speech to the club. We grew pale on hearing it. Vergniaud said—

"It is in the name of the king, to avenge the king's dignity, and to come to his assistance, that French princes have raised the courts of Europe against us; that the treaty of Pilnitz has been signed; that Austria and Prussia have taken up arms. All those evils which they are exerting themselves to heap on our heads, all those which we have to dread, it is the name of the king only which is the pretence or the cause of them."

And then, speaking of the constitution, which had given the king the sole charge of defending the country, he cried—

"O king, who have only affected to love the laws but to preserve a power which would help you to defy them—the constitution, that it might not hurl you from a throne where it is necessary for you to remain in order to destroy it—the nation, only to insure the success of your treachery by inspiring it with confidence; do you believe you can deceive us with your

hypocritical protestations? Was it to defend us that you opposed foreign soldiers with such inferior forces as to leave no doubt of their defeat? Was it in our defence that the projects of fortifying the interior of the country and of making preparations for resistance were laid aside till the time came when we might already have become a prey to tyrants? Was it in our defence that a general who violated the constitution was left unpunished, and the courage of those who served it fettered? No, no, you have not carried out the will of the constitution! It may be overthrown, but you shall not gather the fruit of your perjuries! You have not officially opposed the victories which were gained over freedom in your name; but you shall not reap the benefit of your unworthy triumph. You are as nothing now in this constitution which you have violated so dishonourably, or to the people you betrayed in a manner so cowardly!"

What a cry of indignation was heard in the club or on the place as far as Chauvel's voice could reach! It was but the truth, we all thought so already; with such a king, whose interests were contrary to those of the nation, it was destruction. Therefore, every one said, "He must be deposed; there must be an end to it; and the nation must look to its own defence."

But what shows the treason of Louis XVI. in the most odious light is the fact that the very day following his own ministers declared to the Assembly that our treasury, our armies, and our marine were in such a ruinous condition that they resigned en masse. After which these brave fellows left the hall without even waiting for any reply, like bankrupts who, unable to

render satisfactory accounts, make their escape to England or elsewhere, leaving honest people in distress. The meaning of which was—"You have trusted in us. Instead of putting France in a position to resist an invasion, we have done nothing. Now our friends the Prussians and the Austrians are ready; they are advancing. Let us see how you will extricate yourselves."

XI.

We did extricate ourselves all the same! The next day, July 11, 1792, the Assembly declared the country in danger, and all France was up.

These words, "the country in danger," meant to say—

"Your fields and meadows, your houses, your father and mother, your villages, all the rights and all the liberties you have just won from the nobles and bishops, are in danger. The emigrants are coming with Prussians and Austrians at their backs to rob and pillage you, massacre you, burn your homesteads and cottages, compel you to pay tithes, and gabelle, and field rent, &c., from father to son once more. Defend yourselves, hold together as one; or make up your minds to work like beasts of burden for the convent and your seigneur."

This was its meaning, and this is the reason why we marched as one man; it is the reason why our blows have been so destructive; we all were imbued with revolutionary ideas; we all were defending our property, our rights, and our freedom.

The decree was published in every commune in France. Cannon were fired every hour. The tocsin was rung in every village; and when men heard their fields were about to be invaded, you may believe the sickle was left in the furrow to grasp the musket; for

the field can bear a crop next year, and for ten or for one hundred years; the harvest may be burned, or become forage for Prussian horses; but the field itself must be preserved to produce wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes, for our children and our grandchildren.

Among us, when Elof Colin read the decree from a platform in the middle of the place, screaming out like a sparrowhawk on a rock, "Citizens, the country is in danger! citizens, to the help of the country!" the enthusiasm first showed itself among the sons of the buyers of Church property, who knew well that if the émigrés returned, their fathers would surely be hanged. Therefore, all of them, five and six at a time, mounted the platform and were enrolled.

As for me I possessed nothing as yet, but I lived in hope; I had no intention of always working for others, and besides, I was of the same opinion as Chauvel about freedom; I would have died for it; and even now at my age my old blood boils when I think of some rascal or other making an attempt either on my person or my property.

I did not wait long; I saw directly what ought to be done. As soon as the proclamation was ended I went and enrolled myself in the volunteers. Xaintrailles headed the list, the second was Latour-Foissac, and the third Michel Bastien, of Baraques-des-Bois-des-Chênes.

I should be wrong to say that cost me nothing. I knew my poor father was destined to want for three years, and that Maître Jean would be in great difficulty about his forge, but I also knew we must be defended, and that we could send no nobles in our place, that we must do it ourselves, or wheel a barrow again for ever.

As I came off the platform with my enlistment-ticket in my hat, my father held out his arms to me. We embraced on the first step of the platform amid cries of "Vive la nation!" His chin trembled, and tears ran down his cheeks; he hugged me, and said with sobs —

"Well done, my boy! Now I am satisfied—the wound caused by Nicolas is healed. I feel it no more."

He said so because he was an honest man, and nothing could grieve him more than the treason of a son against his blood and his country; now he was consoled.

Maître Jean embraced me too, for he thought I might contribute to defend his farm at Pickeholtz, and if the others came back there it would not be my fault. He was right; I would have been cut to pieces before a hair of his head was touched.

I need not describe the cries, embracings, hand-shakings, and promises to conquer or die; it is always the same, and since then, by deceiving the people with false news, men filled with pride and folly have succeeded in exciting the same enthusiasm for wars in which France had no interest, and which has done her very great harm. But this time it was in earnest; the nation was rightly enthusiastic; it was fighting in defence of lands and liberty, which is better than to allow itself to be massacred for a king or an emperor.

I always feel emotion when I recollect those old men and women, feeble and decrepid, their arms hanging over the shoulders of their sons, whom they had just enrolled, poor people as we may call them, needy creatures from Dagsberg, who had nothing to defend, who lived in woodcutters' and charcoal-burners' huts,

without the slightest interest in this war; but even they loved their country, and liberty, and justice! And patriotic gifts for the relations of volunteers, for the wounded, for the equipment of troops, offerings from even the poor and infirm, who begged the municipal officers to accept their two liards; children who cried because they were too young to become drummer-boys or buglers! This was all natural; every one did his best.

What I remember better still, and which stirs me up again like a boy of twenty, is that while Maître Jean, Letumier, my father, and myself were sitting at table in Chauvel's library, the shutters closed to keep out the intense heat, and from time to time the bell rang and Margaret went out to serve some customers, and then came in again without daring to look at me; and while I, notwithstanding the good wine and good cheer, was not able to laugh like the rest, nor seem quite happy to go immediately to the camp at Wissembourg, Chauvel all at once took a bottle of old wine in his hand, and said as he drew the cork—

"My friends, we are going to drink this bottle to Michel's health; empty your glasses!"

He then put the bottle on the table, looked at me very seriously, and said—

"Listen, Michel; you know I have liked you for a long time; your conduct this day increases my regard for you, and shows me you are a man. You have not hesitated to do your duty as a patriot, notwithstanding all that might detain you here. You have done well! Now you are going away to defend the rights of man; if we had not other duties, you should not go alone; we would have served in the same ranks. At this moment

speak out openly. Do you leave nothing here you regret? Do you go with a heart at ease? Have you nothing to ask of us? One of those patriotic gifts which are only accorded to men whom we esteem and love?"

He looked at me, and I felt I blushed; in spite of myself my eyes wandered in the direction of Margaret, who was pale, and kept hers down. I dared not speak. There was a dead silence. Then Chauvel said, as he looked at my father—

"Well, Father Bastien, what do you say? I believe these children love one another."

"Ah, I think so too," said my father, "and have done so for some time."

"If we betroth them, Father Bastien, what have you to say to it?"

"Ah, M. Chauvel, it would make me happy for life!"

As they were talking so gaily together, Margaret and I had risen, but did not dare go nearer. Then Chauvel cried—

"Come, my children, embrace one another!"

In a moment Margaret was in my arms. She hid her face on my shoulder—she was mine. What happiness to be able to embrace the girl you love before every one, parents and friends! How proud one is to hold her thus, and what power could force her from you?

Maître Jean laughed in his good-natured way, and Chauvel, turning round in his chair to us, said—

"I affiance you one to the other. Michel, you must march away now; but in three years, when you return, she shall be your wife. Will you not wait for him, Margaret?"

"For ever!" said she.

And I felt her arms close round me. I could not help crying, and said—

"I never loved any but you. I shall never love another. I am willing to go and fight for you all, for I love you all!"

And then I sat down again. Margaret immediately left the room. Chauvel filled our glasses, and cried—

"Here is my son Michel's health!"

My father replied—

"Here is the health of my daughter Margaret!"

And we all called out—

"To the health of our country and liberty!"

One hundred and sixty-three volunteers were enrolled at Phalsbourg on that day. The whole province was in a state of enthusiasm, and eager for the defence of what we possessed; there was no one at work in the fields; on the place and in the streets one could hear nothing but cries of "Vive la nation!" "Ca ira, ça ira!" Then the ringing of bells, and every hour the firing of cannon at the arsenal, which shook the windows. In the back shop we continued to fraternise; from time to time some patriot called out at the door the number of volunteers enrolled. He was called in, and had a glass of wine in honour of the country. Chauvel took great pinches of snuff, and cried out—"It is going on well; it will do!"

He also talked about great blows which were to be struck in Paris, but without saying what they were.

My brother Claude, who was a really good man with no idea of mischief, a very good labourer, and who did all he was told, but without any notions of his own, was head lad at Maître Jean's farm at Pickeholtz; Maître

Jean preferred a man like him, because it was a pleasure to him to give orders to any one. He also said he should send Mathurine to the farm, for he could not hope to find anywhere a better housekeeper, or one more careful or more economical; she was, in fact, rather closefisted. Maître Jean intended remaining to take charge of the forge till I came back, and had made all his arrangements accordingly; and my father, who could still earn eight or ten sous a day, was out of debt and had two goats, looked upon himself as fortunate, the more so when Chauvel told him he would find some employment in town for Etienne.

About five, Freylig, the mayor's secretary, came and told us that the volunteers belonging to the town would march the next morning at eight for the camp at Wissembourg, and that they would wait for those from the villages at Graufthal, where the general rendezvous was appointed. This made us rather more serious, but our good-humour continued; we had a few more glasses, and then it began to grow dark, and it was time to return to Baraques. Chauvel closed his shop; Margaret took my arm as far as the Porte de France. It was the first time we had been seen out of doors together; people looked at us, and cried, "Vive la nation!"

Chauvel, Maître Jean, and my father followed us; on the bridge, in front of the Corps de Garde, we embraced tenderly; Chauvel and Margaret returned home, and we went back singing and laughing, and, if truth must be told, rather too much excited by wine and the day's events. All we met were in the same state; we were often embracing, and crying, "Vive la nation!"

About nine we left Maître Jean and Letumier before the Three Pigeons, and wished them good night; but if

they could go to sleep a very different reception awaited my poor father and myself. I tell you this that you may understand the rest of my story; besides, in this world good and evil go together; and this will show you, if the patriots won at last, it was with difficulty, for nearly all underwent a sort of domestic La Vendée. My father and I then walked down the old street full of ruts and manure-heaps. It was a fine moonlight night. We sang lustily, but more to give ourselves confidence than from pleasure; we were thinking about my mother, who would not be very pleased to hear I was going away as a volunteer, and that I was betrothed to a heretic.

But about a hundred yards from our cottage we lost all desire to sing any more, but stood still, for there was my mother in her grey linen petticoat, her large cap on her hair, which was hanging loose, and her skinny arms bare. She was sitting on the steps of our old cottage, resting her hands on her knees, and her chin upon them; she looked at us some distance off; her eyes sparkled, and we felt she knew something about what had taken place.

I never felt more uncomfortable; I wanted to go back; but my father said, "Come on, Michel."

So we walked on; when we were not farther than twenty yards distant, she ran at me and uttered a yell—God forgive me for saying so—the yell of a real savage; she buried her hands in my neck, and would have got me down if I had not seized her arms to prevent her throttling me. Then she kicked my shins, and cried out—

"Go and kill Nicolas! Kill your own brother! Go, you Calvinist!"

And then she tried to bite me. It was heard all over the village; people began to come out of their houses; it caused a great scandal in the place.

My father took her round the waist and pulled at her with both hands to make her let me go, but then she turned upon him like a fury and called him a Jacobin; had it not been for the charcoal-burner Harnovre and four or five neighbours, she would have torn his eyes out.

At last they got her into our cottage; she struggled in their hands as if she was made of wood, and called after me contemptuously—

"What a good son, who forsakes his father and mother for a Calvinist! But you shall not have her, you renegade! No! Nicolas will cut you all to pieces. I will have masses said that he may kill you! I will! Go—go! Curse you!"

They pushed her into the house, but her screams filled the village.

My father and I stood there in the middle of the street, looking very pale. When the door was shut, he said—

"She is mad. Let us go, Michel; something might happen if we went in now. Good heavens! how unfortunate I am! What can I have done to deserve it?"

So we went back to the Three Pigeons. A lamp was still burning. Maître Jean was seated quietly in his armchair, telling his wife and Nicole the day's events; when he saw us come in—I with my neck bleeding, and my father with his coat torn—when he heard what had occurred, he said—

"My poor Jean-Pierre, if she was not your wife we would send her to prison directly. The refractory

priest at Henridorff brings all this upon us. We must put an end to these fellows—a speedy end."

He said for the future my father should leave my mother alone, work in his shed, and sleep at the auberge; but things could not be arranged so; my father would live in his own cottage; habit and respectability forbade his living separated from his wife, for, let things be ever so bad, it is better to live together; if they separate they are not well thought of by respectable people, and the children suffer for it.

That night we slept at the inn, and the next morning early my father went back to our cottage to fetch my knapsack; he put everything into it; he also brought my musket and haversack, cartouch-pouch, and everything; but my mother would not see me, in spite of all the good man could urge.

So I left without seeing my mother, with her curse and wish for my death upon me. I had not deserved it, but still it gave me great pain.

Maître Jean has since told me that my mother hated me because I was so like her mother-in-law, Ursule Bastien, whom she had detested as long as she lived, and that mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law are always at feud; it is possible. But it is very unfortunate to be detested by those you love, and for whom you have always done everything in your power; yes, it is very unfortunate.

XII.

And now, my friends, we must leave the country, old Baraques-du-Bois-des-Chênes, and all the good people with whom we are acquainted.

The next day about ten we were already in the valley of Graufthal, on the other side of the mountain, under the rocks. There it was that all the volunteers of the canton were to assemble before marching to Bitche, and thence to Wissembourg, and then farther still. The first village detachments which arrived were to wait for the others.

We had set off early on account of the heat, which we already felt in the early morning. Margaret, Chauvel, Maître Jean, my father, and the whole town, men, women, and children, had followed us to this first halting-place. We were resting by the side of a sandy road in the shade of some beeches, our muskets piled, and the wide valley before us as far as we could see, its river fringed with willows, and its woods studded with rocks in the far distance.

How many times have I stopped at that point within the last fifty years, and looked and dreamed of olden times! I could see it all again, and I used to say to myself—

"Here it is we took a last embrace; here it is that poor Jacques, or that unfortunate Jean-Claude, with

his musket on his shoulder, turned to shake his father's hand, and cried out, 'Till next year!'"

The men from Saint-Jean-des-Choux arrived by this path, and those from Mittelbronn by that; we could hear the rattle of their drums for some time in the wood, then they emerged from a cluster of fir-trees with their hats on the point of their bayonets, then shouts of "Vive la nation!" filled the valley.

How long that is ago! The trees, brushwood, and rocks are there still, the ivy still creeps about the rocks, but where are they who shouted, embraced, and promised to come back? Where are they? When one thinks of all one's comrades lying along the banks of the Moselle, the Meuse, the Rhine, and among the brushwood of the Argonne, we must acknowledge the Lord has watched over us.

If I relate these things now, it is to describe to you these musterings of July, 1792; the same took place everywhere, and everywhere volunteers were waiting for others before starting.

Margaret, seated by me in the heather by the side of the road, opened a little basket of bread, meat, and wine which she had brought, for there was nothing to be had at Graufthal; old Becker's inn was not yet in existence, and all the women from town, knowing they would have to wait, had brought their provisions with them.

Chauvel, my father, Maître Jean, and three or four municipal officers placed themselves lower down under the shade of some oaks, and looked at us from a little distance. They knew we had much to say to each other, and were pleased to be alone. Margaret told me to write whenever I could; she looked lovingly at me; she

did not cry, as many others did; she was firm, and knew well at such a time not to discourage those who were going away.

"While you are far away," said she softly, "I shall always think of you, and you need not be uneasy about your father; he is my father too. I love him. He shall want for nothing."

As I stood before her I admired her, and felt more courageous. I never lost the hope of coming home again, not even amidst the greatest dangers; when many others let themselves be unmanned by rain, snow, cold, hunger, and misery, I used still to cling to hope; I was determined to see Margaret again; her love kept me up. By our side, against a rock, the family of Father Gouin, the forage contractor, was seated. The old man, the mother, and sisters were in great grief; the father said his two sons ought to have asked his consent; that both need not go, and that he was too old to carry on his business alone. It was very sad, and the lads must have lost confidence. Happily in other places old men talked to their boys in a different fashion about their country and freedom.

But it was when the curé Christopher arrived that cries of "Vive la nation!" rolled in echoes from Fallberg and the Bande-Noire; one would have thought the old mountains were alive and repeated our shouts from one peak to another, while they waved their great oak and fir branches.

M. le curé Christopher brought us the Lutzelbourg volunteers; he also came to bless our colours. I saw him a long way off, and I recognised him under the Bichelberg rocks, as he came down the winding path, holding Etienne by the hand. I had not time to go and take

leave of the poor child, so he came trotting and limping along the best way he could. While they were crying and shouting, I went down to the Zinsell Bridge. It might be eleven. The heat was great in the valley, and the air so heavy, that the river was glistening with little fish after the flies which fell in the water by thousands, while the trout shot about like lightning in the shadow of the osier beds. On the hog-backed bridge stood the curé Christopher, his face covered with perspiration; he put his hands out to me, and said—

"I am satisfied with you, Michel. I know of your good fortune, and I know, too, that you deserve it."

And then Etienne jumped into my arms, and we walked up the hill together by the forester's house, where the council-general of the commune was holding a meeting. Etienne ran to kiss Margaret and my father; Chauvel and Maître Jean, with the village mayors, came and shook hands with the curé.

There were between five and six hundred volunteers from the neighbourhood assembled. Those from the higher mountains were missing, and we had just begun to fall in, when their drum was heard in the distance, and we all cried out—

"Here they are!"

They were the last; they had come five leagues farther than we, and were all woodcutters, charcoal-burners, and lumberers; short but powerful fellows, who had already chosen for their chief Claude Hullin, the sabot-maker, the same that defended his native village so well against the allies of 1814. Among them was Marc Divès, the hawker, in linen pantaloons, barefooted; his blouse fastened round his waist by his cravat; and we could hear him half-a-league away

talking, calling up the laggards, and imitating the calls of different birds. We could see him brandishing his club, and then, to shorten the distance, wade across the river with the water up to his hips. The rest followed him; it was the best possible way to cool themselves.

At last, after Hullin and his companions had come, Jean Kat and the two young Légers, who had enlisted as drummers, began the rappel, and we soon saw the decisive moment was come.

Those who are in the habit of going from Phalsbourg to Petite-Pierre are well acquainted with that great mass of rock which lies to the left of the road in the middle of a field. No one knows to this day how it came there. It must have rolled down, but whence or when? Perhaps before men inhabited this earth. On this rock, surrounded by volunteers, M. le curé Christopher, after addressing us on our duties as Christian soldiers, blessed our colours, every village had its own; they were piled together, and with outstretched arms he consecrated them all in Latin, after the manner of the Church. Immediately afterwards Chauvel ascended the rock, as municipal officer and president of the club; he ordered the battalion flag to be brought to the front—a large tricolour flag, with the red woollen peasant's cap on the top—and with outstretched hands he blessed it, and after the fashion prescribed by the constitution, in the following words:—

"Old cap of the French peasant, bent over the soil so long; cap which our unhappy fathers have moistened with their sweat; cap of the serf, on which the lord and the bishop have rested the weight of their foot for a thousand years; lift thyself up amidst the din of battles! May the children and grnadchildren of those

who have worn thee in slavery bear thee now through the bayonets of our enemies! May they hold thee erect, nor ever let thee droop, and mayst thou become the dread of those who seek to shackle the people to the soil! May the sight of thee make them tremble, and may future ages learn that from the lowest depths of degradation thou art arrived at the highest pinnacle of glory by the firmness, the courage, the virtues of thy defenders!"

After which, Chauvel, very pale, turned to his anxious listeners, and continued—

"Volunteers! children of the people! you swear to defend this flag or die—this flag which represents to you your country and liberty—this flag which recalls the sufferings of your forefathers; you swear it? Answer me!"

Then all together, with a sound like thunder, we answered—

"We swear it!"

"It is well," said he. "In the name of your country I accept your oath; she trusts to you, and blesses you all."

He spoke very simply, but very forcibly; his voice reached a great distance, and every one could hear him.

Chauvel then came down from the rock, and soon after many who were not relations of the volunteers set off for their villages, for a dark cloud came over from the direction of the Petite-Pierre, and from the very great heat it seemed to threaten a storm of rain. Chauvel ordered the rappel to be beaten, and when we had formed in a circle round him, Maître Jean, and the mayors, he told us that by the decree of the National Assembly we

should elect our own officers and non-commissioned officers as soon as we arrived in camp; but that in the meantime we had better choose a leader to keep order on the march, to distribute billets, settle the hour for starting, and the rest. He recommended us to elect one, which was done immediately. The mountaineers had chosen Hullin, the sabot-maker. They called out—

"Hullin!"

We all repeated the same name, and Hullin was our leader to the camp at Rixheim. He had only to get us along, and, when we halted anywhere, to go to the mayor and ask for billets for quarters and rations.

But now I must tell you about our leave-taking. Towards midday, as the sky became more overcast, and we saw the leaves in the wood quivering without a breath of wind—sure sign of an approaching storm—Hullin, who had been standing with the mayors, came down into the road and ordered the rappel to be beaten. Then everybody knew the moment of departure had come. The mayors, Chauvel, the curé Christopher, my father, and all the others came down into the road at the foot of the hill. I looked at Margaret for a moment that I might cherish the remembrance of her in my heart for the three years I was not to see her. She, too, looked at me; her eyes were dim. I held her hand, and I felt she did not care to let me go.

"Come," said I, "a last embrace."

And I embraced her; she was very pale, and did not say a word. I took my knapsack up from the heather and buckled it on. Chauvel, my father, Etienne, and Maître Jean now came up. I had given my eighty livres bounty money to my father, to pay for Etienne's board at Lutzelbourg, and as I embraced Maître Jean I felt

him slip something into the pocket of my jacket; it was two louis, which were very useful to me later. It was time to be off; my courage would else have failed me. I took up my musket, saying—

"Good-bye, all—good-bye!"

But at that moment Margaret called out, "Michel!" in such a tone that it went through my heart. I ran back to her, and as she was crying, I said to her—

"Come, Margaret, be courageous; it is for our country!"

I had not a drop of blood left in me; all round us people were crying.

Margaret roused herself at last, and said, as she clasped me in her arms—

"Defend yourself well."

I hurried off without saying a word to the rest, nor did I even look in their direction.

Nearly all the volunteers were down in the road; those who had lagged behind came up, and they set off by threes and fours, just as it happened. Great drops were already falling; we could smell the sweet scent of rain on the dust; and as we turned the angle of the road which leads to the Petite-Pierre, the deluge began by a flash of lightning; but the greater part of the storm had passed over the mountain, about Saverne in Alsace, and this rain did us good. The same day, about three, we passed by the Petite-Pierre without halting. It was three or four leagues farther on where we stopped near some large glass-works, in the midst of the woods.

I had been in a dream the whole time. I had not even looked at my companions, so many other things had been passing through my mind. But then, in a

sort of open hall where a fire had been lighted, while some people brought us bread and beer, Marc Divès, who was sitting next to me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said—

"Michel, it is hard to leave home!"

I looked at him; I was glad to see him again, but I could not speak. No one was inclined to talk; and directly after eating a crust of bread and drinking a mug of beer, we lay down right and left, our heads on our knapsacks, between the pillars of this great shed.

It is a blessing for the young to be able to sleep and forget one's misery for a moment, which is denied to the old.

Next morning, very early, Hullin began calling out—

"Come, comrades, fall in."

We all got up and buckled on our knapsacks. A heavy dew had fallen, the large drops dripped from the tiles; we looked at the weather, and some old soldiers among us, before shouldering their muskets, tied their handkerchiefs round the locks.

We were just setting off, when on our right a long line of mounted volunteers from the Lower Rhine came up with us. They were national dragoons, as they were then called, sons of well-to-do peasants, brewers, post-masters, butchers, farmers—in fact, of people in easy circumstances, who rode their own horses; and with the exception of one or two old soldiers who wore their uniforms, these Alsatians were dressed, some in large cocked hats, some in foxskin caps, some in long boots, and some in gaiters. The only thing which gave them any resemblance to dragoons was a long sword in a leathern sheath, large hilt, and a blade three fingers

wide, which hung from their belts and rang against the stirrup-iron.

No finer men nor better riders could be seen. They all looked pleased and resolute. When they saw us under the shed their commandant drew his sword, and then they all began together to sing a song which none of us had then heard, but which we were often destined to hear on the field of battle:—

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

What a song at such a moment! It made us nearly mad! The cries of "Vive la nation!" never would cease; and as the Alsatians filed past the glass houses, the master came out with his wife and daughters, and begged them to stop. They thronged round them, and held them by their bridles and hands, and cried—

"We must fraternise, brave Alsatians! dismount! Vive la nation!"

But their captain, a tall fellow six feet high, said they were under orders to reach Sarrebruck the same evening, so they set off, singing as they rode.

Our enthusiasm was immense after hearing this song; it was like the cry of the country in danger. When we left that place I may say we all felt fresh courage. I said to myself—

"Now it will be all right. We have the song which Chauvel wanted to take the place of the 'Carmagnole,' something great and powerful, like the people."

I remember, too, the great excitement there was in the hamlets and villages in the bosom of these mountains; the tocsin was ringing everywhere; at every cross-road files of volunteers with their little bundles on their sticks passed, crying out—"Conquer or die."

We called out to them in answer, and further off other bands in the cross-roads took it up; this sometimes extended for half-a-league. All the country round was afoot; when it is a question of defending the people's true interests, I believe men would rise from the dust.

When we got to the little town of Bitche, we found its streets, squares, and inns so full of people that we were obliged to encamp outside among the gardens and meadows in company with many other villages. Hullin went by himself to announce us at the municipality, and make his requisition for rations.

I had a good look at this old half French and half German town, which is very like Saverne, and its fort on the heights, to which paths lead up six hundred feet high, from whence cannon commanded the low country for two or three leagues.

I recognised on the ramparts the red uniforms of the poor Château-Vieux regiment. They had sworn to die to the last man rather than surrender the citadel, and these brave fellows kept their word, while their executioner, the Marquis de Bouillé, was showing the Prussians the road to France. We set off from thence to the camp at Rixheim, between Wissembourg and Laudun.

We were obliged to march all day in the sun, for we had left the woods, and only occasionally found a little shade along the sides of the orchards. Many other detachments, both horse and foot, from the right and the left, before and behind us, followed in the same direction.

Files of vehicles conveying wine and ammunition were on the road also; we saw nothing else; but what dust! How glad we should have been to have had a good shower like the evening before!

We reached Rixheim about nine in the evening, and we found the cantonnements there in great delight; for the first cavalry engagement had taken place that morning; our national dragoons had repulsed the Eben hussars and the Lobkowitz dragoons, led by émigré officers, who tried to cut off a convoy of provisions on the Laudun road. It had been a smart affair. Custine commanded our men.

But in the village of Rixheim people were talking about a poor little drummer-boy belonging to a battalion of volunteer light infantry from Strasbourg, who was the first to discover the Eben hussars on the road, and began to beat the alarm. An Eben hussar had cut off his right hand as he passed, but the poor child continued to beat his drum with his left. He was crushed to death under the horse's feet.

This is how war made its appearance among us.

Now I must take breath. I must also go and call on two old comrades who are living in the mountain, and who can refresh my memory. So, my friends, we shall stop awhile here. This first war of the republic is worth thinking over before relating it; and besides, so many great events have happened during the same time, that it requires everything to be set in order, old papers looked up, and nothing to be written down but what is acknowledged to be honest and true by honest people.

But if God preserves my health, that too shall come soon.

THE END.

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